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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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CELTS OF THE WEST.

How the Sons of Ireland Have Won Their Way to Fame and Fortune Beyond "the Great Divide."

Splendid Array of Merchants, Miners, Lawyers and Orators in the Fair State of Montana.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Route.

[SPECIAL.]

In no portion of the United States have the Irish-American people attained to higher standing than in the far West. As merchants, and as miners, as soldiers and as lawyers, they have occupied, and still occupy, a foremost place in the history and the daily life of their section. California boasts, her Floods, her Mackays, her Brodericks and her O'Briens; Utah but recently did honor to the name and fame of Gen. Patrick Edward Connor; Nevada, for years, was represented in Congress by Delegate Cassidy, while Montana, among the youngest of the states, is governed by a man of direct Irish descent, the Hon. J. L. Toole, and is represented in the senate by Thomas C. Powers, who also boasts the blood of the descendants of Milesius. Its most stirring man in business life is the Hon. Marcus Daly, of Anaconda, secretary of the great Anaconda mining system; while its history boasts of Thomas Francis Meagher, as acting governor, James Kavanagh as delegate in Congress, Martin Maginnis, in the same capacity, and numerous other public men whose careers form part of the history of the State. The Irish-American element is particularly strong in Butte and Anaconda. In the former city, the leading hotel is The McDermott, built by William McDermott, formerly of Chicago, and son of the late Michael McDermott, the distinguished Gaelic scholar. The leading opera house of Butte is owned and managed by the pleasant and talented John Maguire, who knows, and is known by, more people in the West than any man that can be named, unless it is the able and energetic Marcus Daly himself.

The leading merchants are John Cappice, a fine, stately son of Tipperary, who, although over three score years, looks and acts like a man of five and thirty; D. J. Hennessy, who has the appearance and manners of a French courtier, and P. J. Brophy, who is great in groceries, and has a talent for oratory, as well as for business. Among the lawyers are Attorney Scallon, brother of Dr. J. E Scallon, of Hancock, Mich., who is now corporation counsel for the Anaconda Company; Peter J. Berrigan, and Emmet Clare, a graduate of the Chicago College of Law. Mr. J. M. Quinn, editor of the Butte *Miner*, represents Celtic journalism in the mining metropolis. He is also a speaker of fine ability, and one of the most companionable of men. Mr. Patrick Conlon is one of the oldest residents of Butte and is ranked among its most successful men of business. In his youth, he fought in the Confederate army, but is now so thoroughly reconstructed that he does not hesitate to vote the Republican ticket, when the humor seizes him. Mr. Conlon is very justly regarded as the representative of the Old Guard Irish Nationalists among the citizens of Butte. The only Irishman in the city who disputes that honor with Mr. Conlon is Capt. John Branagan, of the Emmet Guards, a veteran of the Union army, and a successful man of affairs, both in mining and general commerce. Ireland, on the bench, is worthily represented by Judge McHatton, of the Circuit Court.

The younger Irish-American generation of Butte is most creditably represented by Mr. Richard D. Walsh, a former Chicagoan, and now cashier of the Mountain Consolidated branch of the Anaconda mining system. Nature intended Mr. Walsh, who has a fine person as well as a fine intellect, for a lawyer and an orator—perhaps a poet and author also—but he has chosen the paths of commerce, which, undoubtedly, bring greater material rewards in the long run. Mr. Walsh's speech at the Butte St. Patrick's celebration was a gem, and gave promise of greater things in the future. His assistant is Mr. Jos. P. Kerrigan, also a former Chicagoan, who seems to have taken strong root in the kindly and mineralized soil of Butte city. The intimate personal friends of the foregoing are Mr. O'Farrell, nephew of Marcus Daly, and as fine a specimen of athletic young manhood as ever stepped, and Mr. Monks, recently from Ireland, a rosy cheeked young gentleman, with flashing blue eyes, an Irish heart and an English accent. He is said to be among the most gifted typographical draughtsmen that ever cast their fortunes in the West. Two of the leading Irishmen employed at the mines are Superintendents Halpine and Kane, whose onerous duties do not seem to impair their bodily health or mental vigor. Mr. Halpine is a survivor of the force that crossed with O'Neill into Canada and won the battle of Ridgeway in June, 1866. Dr. Leonard, who studied in Chicago, has his hands full in keeping the Butteans healthy. He is the Esculapian representative of the Emerald Isle.

The two leading railroad men of Butte are also Irish, by birth or descent. Maj. Dawson, division superintendent of the Great Northern Line, is a native of Carlow, and Division Superintendent Tuohy, of the Northern Pacific railroad, is the son of an Irishman. Mr. Geoffrey Lavell is the premier harness and livery man of the city, and is noted for his generous and hospitable nature. His brother, Mr. Thos. Lavell, is also a leading business man. He owns one of the finest private residences in Butte.

The premier Irish-American of Anaconda, as well as of Montana at large, is Marcus Daly. He is now rather over 50, but is, if possible, more vigorous than when he was only half that age. The multiplicity of his interests is great, and his wealth is simply incalculable. He is—something not often found among the wealthy who have been the architects of their own fortunes—generous to prodigality. In person he is middle sized and compactly built. A little remnant of the accent of old Cavan still clings to him, but, in all other respects, he is a typical American business man. He has a warm spot in his heart for the Irish national cause, although he never says much about it. Mr. Patrick Daly, his younger brother, who only recently came from Ireland, holds a confidential position with the Anaconda Company, of which, by the way, the Hon. J. L. Haggin, an Irish-American by descent, is president.

The cashier at the Lower Smelting Works—a gigantic institution—is Thomas R. E. Berry, a handsome, brilliant young Irishman, who has a will of his own, and whose only grief in life is that his fellow Irishmen are not as united and determined as they ought to be in the cause of Irish independence. When Mr. Berry, John Maguire and Richard Walsh get together, they make a great combination, and if, between song and story, they let you go to bed before morning you are a lucky man. En passant, be it remembered that Pommery Sec is the favorite Butte and Anaconda beverage. Visitors are seldom permitted to taste anything so vulgar as a "cocktail" or a "sour." As for beer, nobody even looks at it—except in the dog-days.

Col. Tim O'Leary, one of O'Neill's former aide-de-camps, a boy veteran of the civil war, and a maturer veteran of Ridgway and Trout river, is a justice of the peace and a lawyer in Anaconda. The other justice of the peace is Attorney Fitzgerald, head of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and a Geraldine of the Desmond persuasion, with fair skin and sandy hair.

There are many other good Irishmen in both Butte and Anaconda, but space forbids the inclusion of their names in this sketch. It may be stated, as a matter of useful information, that the most direct and comfortable route by which to reach these great mining centers of Montana from Chicago, and the Northwest in general, is over the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific railroads, which give to the traveler on so long a journey all the comforts of home as regards food, rest and attendance. There is no change from Chicago to Butte City, or, in fact, to the Pacific coast. Meals are supplied sumptuously on the trains. The whole trip each way occupies less than four days, and the mountain scenery alone is sufficient to repay a lover of nature for the expense of the trip.

THE WORLD'S FAIR CITY.

Chicago, the Marvelous City of the West; a History, an Encyclopedia and a Guide for 1892, written and compiled by John J. Flinn. Chicago: The Standard Guide Company, publishers.

The title under which this book is popularly known is the "Standard Guide to Chicago." This book was first issued in 1891 and before the close of last year reached a sale of nearly 50,000 copies. It was pronounced the most complete as well as the handsomest guide book ever published. The compiler and publishers have improved upon their work in the present edition. From every point of view it is certainly the most comprehensive, the most reliable and the most creditable work of the kind now before the public. Nothing that has been attempted by Galligani or Baedeker for Paris, London, Berlin or Vienna equals it, either as regards the amount of information furnished, the manner of arrangement, or the artistic and mechanical skill displayed in its preparation.

This book contains, aside from indexes, engravings and miscellaneous matter, 632 pages of information of every description concerning Chicago and its environs, the subjects being arranged in alphabetical order and grouped under alphabetical headings in such a manner as to make reference to them an easy matter for the inexperienced. A most complete index, covering in itself about eighteen pages, adds immensely to the value of the compilation. The index is "crossed," so that the hurried or impatient seacher after facts may lose neither time nor good humor before finding what he seeks.

There are between 125,000 and 150,000 subjects treated of in this volume, from the number of miles of sewers in the city to the earnings of the national banks, and from a description of the Exposition buildings to the presentation of the factory products and the wages received by the employes of the city. Nothing appears to have been omitted. Every question likely to arise in the mind of the inquiring or inquisitive stranger or resident has been answered fully and reliably.

The work is divided into five parts. Part I gives a brief historical sketch of Chicago from the discovery of the mouth of the river, from which it takes its name, by the French missionaries, until the rebuilding of Fort Dearborn, after the massacre. Historical events and incidents from that time on are treated in the body of the book as they are reached in alphabetical order. Part II tells about the city of Chicago, its banking business, its commerce, its government, its eleemosynary institutions, federal representation in the city, the fire department, manufactures, maritime interests, park system, police department, post office, public schools, etc., and gives a large amount of information of a general character regarding the municipal government, the salaries of municipal employes, population statistics, geographical and climatic data, etc., of interest and importance to everybody, whether resident or stranger. Part III is an encyclopedia, covering every subject clear down the entire length of the alphabet from "Amusements" to "Water Transportation" and handling on the way the architecture of the city. Auditorium, Art, Banking Institutions, Cemeteries, Charities, Christian Organizations, Churches, City Railway Service (surface and elevated), Clubs, Athletic, Sporting, etc.; Clubs, gentlemen's and social; Clubs, literary, and Clubs, state and social; Commercial Exchanges, Detective Agencies, Educational Institutions, Express Companies, Great Industries (in which is included a complete Guide to Pullman), the Stock Yards, Hospitals, Hotels, Inebriate Asylums, a complete Guide to Dwight, with information regarding the Keeley Institute, Libraries, Life Saving Stations, Light Houses, Military (National and State), Newspapers, the Suburbs of Chicago, Railroads of Chicago and where they lead to, the Surrounding Cities and Towns, State Institutions and a great quantity of miscellaneous information. Part IV is devoted to the World's Columbian Exposition, bringing the history and progress of that great enterprise down to date, and giving all kinds of information concerning the World's Fair and its administration. Part V is The Guide which takes the visitor on thirty-one daily trips through the city of Chicago and vicinity and explains and describes every place and point of interest and every phase of life in the western metropolis.

There are contained in this volume seventy-two elegant half-tone, full page engravings, some of which are the finest ever produced in this country. The frontispiece, "Chicago Has Arisen," is copied from the great oil painting presented to the City of Chicago by the citizens of London after the great fire of 1871. The other engravings illustrate the mighty buildings of Chicago, scenes on the principal boulevards and thoroughfares, in the parks, in the great industrial centres and in the suburbs, with buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition.

There are four maps, including a large illuminated map of Chicago which is contained in a pocket in the back cover of the book. This map shows every street in the city, the wards, parks, and boulevards, suburbs, industrial centres, railroad lines, site of the World's Fair, city boundaries, etc., and is in itself a complete directory and guide for the stranger.

The paper used in the book is of the highest grade; the binding is beautiful and substantial. Altogether, it is a most creditable and valuable work and one every resident of or visitor to Chicago should not be without at this time. It is published in two bindings only—cloth and gold, postage prepaid, $1; flexible morocco and gold, postage prepaid, $2 The Standard Guide Company, 358 Dearborn street, Chicago, are the publishers.

The Gaelic Class.

A change took place in the location of the class last Sunday from Judge Scales' room to one of those assigned to City Clerk Van Cleave, where the meetings will be held hereafter, at the same hours—3 to 5 p.m. The room is on the first floor, adjoining the elevator, and is warm and lightsome. Notwithstanding the deluging rain the attendance was large. Doubtless this was in compliment to Mr. T. O'N. Russell, who is still with us. The advanced class was delightfully entertained by his explanation of passages from Dr. Hyde's (Craoibhin Aoibhin) latest publication on Irish Folk-Lore. The junior class was under the tutelage of President Raleigh and Mr. O'Gallagher. An old member of the New York Gaelic class, Mr. O'Kelly, who is a member of "the art preservative of all arts"—joined us. He is a compositor on the *Inter-Ocean* and resides at 1241 Wabash avenue. Mr. Peter C. McArdle, with Alexander Hill & Dunlop, civil engineers, Chamber of Commerce building, also became a member. Mr. McArdle in a short time will become a good reader, as he is already an advanced student but retrograded for want of practice. The pleasant smile and melodious voice of Miss Grace were missed, her absence no doubt being occasioned by the inclemency of the weather. Hereafter, on the school's dismissal, songs will be sung in Irish, and readings from the older poets will be given. This should cause all the sweet-voiced ladies of Irish birth or ancestry to attend, as we shall have a grand musical festival shortly, which will give them an opportunity to sing the songs of their native land a "c-teanngadh binn na m bard." The fame of our school has already passed beyond the limits of Illinois as the following letter received by the secretary will testify:

"WEST LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE, Md., April 3.—*Mr. M. Crean, Dear Sir:* The object of my letter is to ask for information in regard to the school for the study of the Irish tongue, a notice of which appeared in one of our daily papers last week. Is this city there are thought to be 7,000 Irish-speaking Irish. Two women now residing here are exceedingly anxious to start such a school as yours. These women speak and read and write Irish; and have done successful teaching to at least one pupil whom I know well, and who assures me that in the last year she has learned in this city to read her native tongue. Respectfully,

MISS M. J. WISE."

Surely the Baltimore ladies are in earnest, agus go m'beadh Dia leo. The infection should spread in this great and patriotic metropolis of the Northwest, especially as the students are taught gratuitously. Now that the municipal election is over, Judge William J. English will be a frequent attendant.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

"History Repeats Itself."

And so does Hood's Sarsaparilla in the remarkable cures it is continually accomplishing. If you will give this medicine a fair trial it will do you good.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet efficiently.

E. Olsen, Merchant Tailor

No. 134 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

ABOUT HOUSE "HELP."

Eleanor Kirk Thinks That the Mistresses Are About as Much to Blame as the Maids.

Something About the Humor Spirit of Henry Ward Beecher—The Actors' Fund Fair.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., April 4.—There seems to be a time and a season for all things. The boys can always be depended upon to have their kites and their tops ready at the exact moment. One day the sidewalks are full of roller-skates, and the next day fishers in some other nuisance—I mean nuisance to those who are obliged to walk in ordinary shoes. Boys and girls of a larger growth have their fashions in amusements and morals, and just now the style in the latter seems running toward the servant girl question. It would be a very good plan to have this a permanent matter of interest. As long as it is so spasmodic we shall never reach any solution of our difficulties. But it is above all things a moral question, and should be discussed as such.

Now, when I am asked to give my opinion upon this exceedingly important and intricate topic, it is as if my friends should request me to state my conviction on predestination and free-will, or to box the political compass at one short sitting. I am not sure that there has not been almost enough talk on the servant girl subject. It is about time something was done—but what? The main cause of the failure of housekeepers to secure good servants is, that some women will not go into our kitchen if they can possibly get anything else to do. Housework is menial in the eyes of the average working woman, and this is the result of education, or more properly speaking, non-education or ignorance. The girls left, after the most intelligent secure positions in stores and factories, are not as a rule very quick-witted or very deft. Then and here is the pity and injustice of it—housekeepers expect perfect service from these untrained and inexperienced women. In many cases patience and charity, which is "the greatest of all," would work wonders. A lady, at least a person who calls herself by this distinguishing title, told me that she had had twelve cooks in her kitchen in one month, and had sent "every one of the hussies out of the house, bag and bag[illegible] within twenty-four hours after entering it." I have no opinion of that mistress, for no one can make me believe that out of twelve women applying for the position of cook, one could not have been found equal to the service. I know if I had been one of the twelve that I would have swept the streets before I would have worked for that woman. To sum it all up, it is my opinion that we shall have better servants when we have more intelligent, more thoughtful, more considerate mistress. Of course I shall be accused now of saying that housekeepers are entirely to blame in this matter, and servants entirely innocent. But I haven't said any such thing. This subject should be taken up by all of our clubs, and humane women, by careful and concerted effort, should do their best to educate, individually and collectively.

The Rev. Mr. Gallagher delivered a splendid oration on Henry Ward Beecher, and called especial attention to his wonderful sense of humor. This was really the distinguishing characteristic of this remarkable man. Many times Mr. Beecher has told me about his almost irresistible desire to laugh on the most solemn occasions, because of something funny or ridiculous that would strike his keen sense of humor. This knowledge of Mr. Beecher was what led me to prepare the book which is becoming such a favorite with all readers, and which I called "Beecher as a Humorist." The letters daily received from enthusiastic friends at home and abroad make me very happy. One lady writes from London:

"You have made me your friend forever, for you have reproduced the very things that I have heard Henry Ward Beecher utter years ago; things which thrilled, comforted, and amused me then, and which have the very same effect now. The volume is right at my hand, and I have an odd practice of opening at random, and reading what I put my fingers upon. You will probably laugh at what you call my superstitions, but I truly always find the words that I need. How did you ever think of doing such a gracious and beautiful thing?"

Simply because I knew the things that made me laugh, and the things that had ministered to my need, would have the same effect upon others. This book can be had by sending to this office, and the price is $1 12 postage paid.

The news regarding the Actors' Fund Fair, to be held at the Madison Square Garden the first week in May, is very encouraging, and I am happy to say that my friends seem resolved that I shall maintain my reputation for truth telling. Several charming fancy articles have been sent in, and the donors' names will be given before the fair commences. This will be one of the grandest occasions that New York has ever seen, and strangers contemplating visiting the city would do well to make their arrangements to come at this time—the first week in May. All the actresses who are in town will have counters and booths, and there will also be dramatic entertainments.

It is very amusing to see how the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, who has pitched into our city officials, is getting pitched into in return by the editors of some of our daily newspapers who, in almost every issue, say the very same things, and often bring worse charges against these same public men. Is it because they want to do all the fault-finding, or because they think that ministers should not take an interest in the affairs that concern other people—in other words, should not meddle with politics? It is about time, in my opinion, that every pulpit in the land was heard from. There can be no reform until churches shall wake up to their duty. The fact is, many ministers who would like to work for purity in politics, for temperance, and for all great and noble issues, are afraid to open their mouths on these subjects except in a vague and general way, which is infinitely worse than not speaking at all, because it is a mockery in the sight of God, and an insult to conscientious and intelligent hearers. If a minister becomes unpopular, he is banished, and though banishment may mean freedom, it also means no salary and a hard time generally. There is a screw loose somewhere, and what a big screw it is.

ELEANOR KIRK.

606 Greene avenue.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY RIORDAN.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Riordan, mother of Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, and of the Rev. Father Daniel Riordan of this city, who died at an advanced age on Friday of last week, at her residence, No. 190 S. Sangamon street, occurred on last Monday morning, from the house to St. Patrick's church, and thence to Calvary cemetery. The attendance of mourners was enormous, every avenue leading to the church being crowded. The remains were borne to the church, which Mrs. Riordan had attended continuously since 1848, by the following pall bearers: William J. Onahan, John Coughlin, Jas. Burke, Thomas A. Moran, Bernard Callaghan, John Guerin, M. D.; James McMullen and James Connors. Among those observed in the congregation were B. Quirk, Redmond Prendiville, Rev. Rev. John Foley of Detroit, and Fathers Theddeus Butler, Edward O'Reilly, T. F. Galligan, Joseph M. Cartan, Alexander McGavick, J. T. Clancy, Michael Corbett, S. J., Thomas P. Bodkett, P. J. Agnew, Steward McDonald, Thomas Burke, James O'Connell, James McGavick, Hugh McShane, John Morrisey, T. Croak, T. Sullivan, P. O'Connor and J. F. Clancy, and a number of old citizens. Out of respect to the dead the interior of the edifice was draped in sombre black. As the casket containing the remains was being borne down the centre aisle to the seat so long occupied by the deceased, fully fifty priests clad in ecclesiastical robes entered through the chancel door and ranged themselves about the altar. Solemn requiem high mass was celebrated, each priest joining in chanting the office of the dead. Revs. John M. Dunne and Patrick Dunne, nephews of the deceased, officiated as celebrant and deacon respectively. Rev. Patrick Sullivan was sub-deacon. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor of All Saints church, preached the funeral sermon in which he paid a high tribute to the exemplary life and christian character of the deceased. At the conclusion of the mass the remains were escorted to the Chicago and Northwestern depot, from which place a train conveyed the funeral party to Calvary.

MR. JOHN F. BEGGS.

Mr. John F. Beggs, the lawyer whose name became unpleasantly associated with the Cronin case three years ago, and who was acquitted of complicity in the horrible tragedy by a jury of his fellow countrymen, after a tedious trial, died of pneumonia, supplemented by meningitis, at his residence, Chicago Terrace, early on Tuesday morning. Mr. Beggs was born at Lowell, Mass., in 1850, and was left an orphan at a tender age. He came to the West while still a young man, studied law and was admitted to the bar in Ohio. His career in that state has been dwelt upon to such an extent in the daily press that further mention of it is unnecessary. Those who were intimate with him say that Mr. Beggs never rallied from the effects of his prosecution in this city, and that he felt he was a ruined man. He made a courageous struggle to regain the lost ground, but found it uphill work, although it was said that, at the time he contracted his fatal illness, he was beginning to re-establish his practice in this community. Taken for all in all, the life of John F. Beggs was a most unhappy one. He had fair natural ability, good education and a pleasing personal appearance, but he seemed to have been born under an unlucky star. The funeral will occur on Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, from Blows' undertaking establishment, No. 4126 W. Lake street, thence by carriages to Polk street depot, and by train to Mount Olivet cemetery.

MR. DENIS QUINN.

THE CITIZEN regrets to announce the death in Boston, Mass., of an old and esteemed Irish patriot, Mr. Denis Quinn, a co-worker with Col. Dobeny and James Stephens in the stormy days of '48. Mr. Quinn, though a man of very unassuming manners, had quite a romantic history. In his early days in his native land he had a price set upon his head. He was born in Oahir, county Tipperary, in January, 1828. Like many others of his young fellow countrymen he shouldered his pike in 1848, and was with Smith O'Brien, Meagher, afterwards the brave leader of the Irish brigade in the civil war, Stephens, John O'Mahony and John Savage at Ballingarry, on the day when the hopes of Ireland set for the time in darkness and defeat. O'Brien, Meagher and McManus were captured and sentenced to death, while Quinn escaped to England and thence to this country, and O'Mahony to France, each to plot further schemes against the government of England. When the Fenian movement was organized in this country Quinn was one of three district centres who attended to the work of the organization in Boston, being specially deputed by O'Mahony and Stephens, who were then in New York. When a young man Mr. Quinn danced on his knee the late John Mandeville, who died a victim of the rigors of imprisonment in Tullamore jail, where he was confined with William O'Brien a few years ago. After coming to this country in 1851, Mr. Quinn became famous as an athlete, meeting and defeating most of the champions of his time at stone throwing. In 1861 he defeated Lucy, the Irish champion stone thrower, and many of the old residents of Boston remember his prowess as an athlete. In this respect he was slightly the superior of his old companion, O'Mahony.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

The death occurred in Tipperary recently of a well-known Nationalist named William O'Brien, who was prominently identified with the '67 movement. It is said that he was high in the confidence of the leaders of the Fenian movement at the period mentioned. He was wounded in an encounter between a party of Fenians under General Bourke and some military at Ballyhurst, near Tipperary. Subsequently he was arrested and tried with General Bourke, and underwent a long term of imprisonment. He spent a number of years in this country, but eventually returned to Tipperary, where he settled down in business. His health began to fail lately, and after a brief illness he passed away. The funeral was made the occasion of a most imposing demonstration.

ALD. J. J. MCCORMICK.

Many Chicagoans and others will be grieved to learn that Ald. John J. McCormick of the Twenty third Ward died Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at his home, No. 96 Superior street. His health, which had been failing for about a year, compelled him to go to Las Vegas, New Mexico, for relief. Realizing at length that the end was near, he returned to this city with his family two weeks ago that he might spend his last days among his relatives and friends. Mr. McCormack was 33 years old at the time of his death. Born and reared in Chicago, he received his education in the public schools of this city, completing his studies at the West Division High School. He first appeared in public life six years ago, when he was elected North Town supervisor. At the expiration of his term of office he was elected to the council, where he has served three consecutive terms.

Mr. McCormick was married to Miss Mary O'Malley, a sister of Senator John F. O'Malley, and of Fire-Marshal Patrick F. O'Malley. Mr. McCormick's three sons survive him. The funeral services will be held at 10:30 o'clock this (Saturday) morning from the residence, No. 96 Superior street. High mass will be celebrated at the Holy Name Cathedral.

The deceased alderman was, before he contracted the disease of which he died, one of the finest specimens of Irish-American manhood to be found anywhere. Ordinarily quiet, and remarkably unobtrusive, he could kindle into eager at times, and, on such occasions, very few men could be found to match him in physical strength. He was a sincere sympathizer with the Irish national movement, and always lent his aid to public gatherings in its support. His death is [illegible]

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, April 6.—Last year the Gaelic Athletic Association gave the public an opportunity of enjoying a series of athletic entertainments at the grounds situated at the corner of Polk and Lincoln streets. The large crowd of spectators that attended every Sunday afternoon indicated how much these games were relished. It would be a matter of much regret if anything should prevent the continuance of these much admired outdoor exercises. The directors of the association, ten energetic young Irish Americans, are determined that these games shall continue. It would not, I think, be too much to expect on the part of prominent Irish-Americans in this city that they should give a generous support to this association at its start. In a little while it will be more than self-supporting. The stockholders and members of the association are, for the most part, young men who work hard, and for no fancy wages. But they possess the brawn and the spirit necessary for these games, and it is to be hoped that others of their nationality who are more favored with the world's goods will generously come forward and back up this brawn and spirit with funds enough to put the association on a good working basis.

I do not say that rich Irish-Americans in this city should go down into their pockets and hand over piles of money by way of a present to the Gaelic Athletic Association. By no means. The association wants no more than that these wealthy Irish Americans should take a large amount of the stock of this incorporated body, and depend on the already demonstrated financial success of the association, and on the probity of its directors, for their reimbursement.

The procuring of grounds for the coming season is the matter which now confronts the directors of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The City League (baseball) has rented the grounds which the Gaelic Athletic Association had last year. The City League got the preference in the matter of renting these. Perhaps Mr. Spaulding and Co., the owners, feared, as last year gave them reason to fear, that football, hurling, running, jumping, weight throwing and other Gaelic sports were going to supplant baseball in public favor. Now, it is evident that the baseball magnates, for their own interests, are going to keep down the Gaelic Athletic Association. Under these circumstances the friends and supporters of the Gaelic Athletic Association should rally to its aid, and see to it that it should not lack the necessary funds to carry out the laudable purposes for which it was organized. What should these funds be applied to? First and most important to the renting for a number of years, or better still, if possible, to the purchasing of a few acres of ground conveniently situated, to be used for the public exhibition of Gaelic games and exercises, and in the next place to the proper fixing up and maintenance of such grounds. The names on the directorate of the association should be a guarantee that these objects would be honestly and efficiently attended to. Among them are the names of such men as Thomas O. N. Jones, Con. O'Donnell, Arthur Donoghue, R. W. Wolfe and Capt. Gannon. Yours faithfully, P. F. G.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Feld of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER VIII.

In a few minutes Fergus had left the borders of Rappa demesne a good distance behind him. In a few more he had plunged into that of Deel Castle, making as well as he could for that angle of the wood where Miler-na-Gianna and his band had arranged to meet.

The summer night was pleasant and tranquil. Overhead through the thick arching foliage he could catch glimpses of the solemn dark blue vault of heaven, besprent with twinkling stars, and at shorter intervals the glimmer of the rising moon shot through the boughs.

Keeping to the less frequented paths of the wood he hurried eagerly along. His way lay adjacent to the great avenue leading to the castle, and now and then he could hear the beat of horses' hoofs and the roll of wheels as a carriage went by bearing some of the Tirawley gentry on their way to the ball. On he went, plunging deeper and deeper into the somber gloom of the trees, dry sticks crackling and snapping under his feet, and briars tearing his face and hands, until at length, brought to a standstill by a regular *chevaux-de-frise* of thorny shrubs, he found to his deep chagrin and alarm that he had lost his way.

Changing his course to what he considered the right direction he made his way through a dark, miry lonesome glade, where he sunk almost to the ankles at every step. Suddenly a bright glare shone through the trees, and he found himself nearly in front of the courtyard of Deel Castle.

He paused for some time in his covert to survey the scene before him. The tall, massive, ivied keep of old Caislean-na-Deolaigh—in Elizabeth's time the seat of Sir Richard Bourke, but now that of Sir Arthur Gore—a descendant of one Paul Gore who had commanded a troop of horse under Mountjoy—stood out in bold dark relief against the starlit sky, its every window blazing with light. In the centre of the courtyard beneath burned a large bonfire, the light of which danced fitfully on the high ivied wall of the old castle, and cast shimmering flashes of gold on the foliage of the neighboring trees. On each side of the yard were ranged lines of carriages, quaint equippages of gilt paneling and sizable coats of arms, while others were continually arriving; and the light of the fire glowed on the faces and forms of a large number of lacqueys in gold-laced liveries of various colors who were moving to and fro before the building.

As the silent watcher continued to gaze he heard a sudden rich strain of music float out of some of the open windows, and saw a footman in cherry-colored livery place his arms akimbo and execute a series of grotesque capers, to the delectation of his fellows.

Now fully aware of his whereabouts Fergus had no difficulty in starting on a direct track to the appointed "angle of the wood," where he had no doubt he should find the Rapparee chief and his band, for it was now about the hour fixed for the rendezvous.

His heart had somehow grown lighter; he felt that it would now be an easy matter to induce Miler to relinquish his desperate design; that the dread Rapparee would not dare to attack the Castle under the circumstances, in the face of the great crowd of gentry and lacqueys that the ball had brought together.

He had been unable to discern the form of a soldier anywhere abouts, and felt convinced that Miler had done as he had hinted, and decoyed the dragoons away on some wild goose chase after himself.

"Lucky for Sir Arthur," he thought, "that he gives this ball—otherwise what a terrible bonfire would tonight be made of Deel Castle!"

He was now in the neighborhood of the rendezvous, and abated his pace, walking onward slowly through the trees and keeping a sharp look-out for some manifestation of the band of which he was a sworn member.

All at once he started violently and came to sharp halt, holding his breath as his gaze was riveted on something that lay right in his path. The something was the flash of a dragoon's helmet in the moonlight, and, immediately after seeing it, he distinguished the forms of several troopers crouching in the shade of a thick copse, their carbine barrels glinting at intervals in the lunar radiance.

In an instant he felt assured of the meaning of this deadly ambush: the Rapparees had been betrayed and these soldiers were lying in wait to shoot them down or capture them as soon as they appeared.

He determined at all hazards to warn the band of the terrible snare that was set for them, and, with swift decision, he proceeded to make a noiseless detour round the armed party in ambush. He moved with the utmost circumspection, now gliding like a shadow from tree to tree, and now crawling along on the ground; for he wisely conjectured that a second party of military was posted on the opposite side of the glade, so as to cut off the escape of the Rapparees.

He had worked well round towards the western side of the grove when suddenly a muscular hand grasped him by the shoulder.

"Cowl thu gull, a bhouchal?" (where are you going, boy) hissed a voice in his ear.

Turning in alarm, he saw in the moonlight the repulsive countenance of Shawn Rua Loftus. The recognition was mutual.

"Ha! thank goodness 'tis you, Shawn. Come away, man, or you are lost! The dragoons are lying in wait under the bushes. I am going to warn the boys."

"Be tho husth, Fergus O'Ronan," growled the traitor, "they'll get warning enough when they come—amn't I here to warn them? Just stay where you are and you'll have luck on your side."

"But why wait here?" inquired Fergus anxiously; "surely we had best move forward to meet them?"

"Good heaven, here they come!" he exclaimed in a breathless whisper, as he perceived several men advancing along one of the woodland paths, at their head the stalwart form of Miler-na-Gianna.

"They are coming to their doom, whelp—silence! speak one word, and I'll stangle you!" hissed Shawn, and his lank, claw like hands clutched at the throat of our hero. The latter, stung by this apparent treachery, grappled desperately with his assailant, from whom he speedily succeeded in freeing himself. He then rushed off to warn the unsuspecting men, and Shawn dashed after him with a bitter curse.

"Fly for your lives!" shouted the young man, his voice ringing clear and loud through the stillness of the dark night; "fly at once, or you are lost! You have been betrayed—the dragoons are lying in ambush!"

The advancing Rapparees halted, hesitated, and then fled helter-skelter in various directions.

Several brigat, blinding flashes leaped from the dark thickets where the soldiers lay ambushed, as the baffled dragoons fired after the retreating figures. Fergus heard several bullets sing close by him as he fled, quickly followed by the crashing sound of eager footsteps behind him. He was a good, athletic runner, and bade well to distance his pursuers, but, stumbling in the darkness over a fallen log, he was hurled, half-stunned to the earth, and, ere he could rise, there were two strong hands on his neck and a heavy knee on the small of his back.

"One of them's nabbed, anyhow," exclaimed a gruff voice exultingly. "Here, corporal, quick with the handcuffs!"

In a few minutes O'Ronan was a manacled prisoner in the midst of the dragoons.

"Only one prisoner?" inquired the commander of the ambuscade, a young cornet of slight build and handsome features.

"That's all, your honor," replied the burley sergeant who had effected the capture.

"Very well, bring him along. Poor devil! I'm afraid he's in for it," said the ensign *sotto voce*.

Passing near the site of the ambush they beheld a few of the troops bending over the prostrate body of a man.

"Stone dead, your honor," replied one of the men in response to the query of the officer.

"One of the desperadoes—eh?"

"No, your honor—only the fellow that peached on 'em."

He turned the body over as he spoke and the moonlight showed the features, ghastly and rigid in death, of the wretched traitor and spy! Shawn Rua Loftus had been struck down by one of the bullets he had intended should pierce the hearts of his sworn companions.

"Miserable wretch! his doom is quite an instance of poetic justice," remarked the cornet with a slight shudder. "Pick up the body and bear it to the castle. Bring the prisoner along."

A few minutes later Fergus was standing in the illuminated courtyard, the iron bands clasping his hands behind his back, a dragoon with drawn sabre on each side of him, and grooms, footmen, and coachmen thronging about him with as much wonder and alarm as if he were some wild animal.

But he heeded not the insolent looks and remarks of the lacqueys nor the coarse jests which they exchanged at his expense. He cast an anxious, inquiring glance round the quadrangle, hoping that his eyes might not rest on the object of his search as they wandered from vehicle to vehicle, sharply scrutinizing the various equipages of the "barnacles of Tirawley," as the gentry of the barony were subsequently termed. There was the carriage of the high sheriff of Mayo—James Knox of Moyne Abbey—with a gilt falcon spreading its wings on its yellow panelling; that of young George Jackson of Enniscoe, great-grandson of a Cromwellian captain of dragoons who had secured a large tract of confiscated land west of Lough Conn; that of another Cromwellian scion, Orme of Abbeytown, with the strange crest of a dolphin and pole-axe, and the motto "Fortis et fidelis," and—Fergus' face grew pale as his gaze rested on the quaint crimson chariot of the Bourkes of Rappa with the old servitor Fhelim standing beside it whip in hand, his white hair hidden beneath a huge wig and cocked hat, and a long drab livery coat descending to his feet. Then, Marion and her brother were here, and they should see him in his bonds—in his disgrace!

"Bring your prisoner this way, Cornet Teanison," said a voice from the chief entrance, and Fergus was at once conducted up the steps and into a spacious, well-lighted room, where several ladies and gentlemen were assembled. His sense of smell became conscious of a strong odor of perfume as he entered, and through an adjacent doorway he heard the tread of many feet beating time to a lively rigadoon.

"Did he make much resistance, cornet?" inquired a stout, elderly man, with a yellowish coat embroidered with gold. This was the owner of Deel Castle, Sir George Gore, second baronet of the title, and lord of the surrounding manor.

"None, Sir Arthur—no doubt he saw it would be useless."

"Have you anything to say for yourself, sirrah—you O'Ronan?—you see I know you?" demanded Sir Arthur of the captive; but the latter made no response. A sudden rustle of silk at the door caused him to turn his gaze thither. The sight he encountered made him turn away his eyes and hang his head with a bitter sense of the ignominy of his position. He winced to thank what a very picture of misery and degradation he looked with his fettered hands, his torn and disarranged clothes, his countenance begrimmed with mire and blood.

"Dear bless us, George! is it not a hideous wretch?" lisped a fair damsel screening her prettily timed glances with her fan; but he heeded her words as he had done those of the servants outside.

He seemed conscious only of the fact that Marion Bourke stood before him, leaning on the arm of his detested rival, and surveying him with a glance of utter consternation.

Marion looked very beautiful, though her dress was simpler than those of the highly decorated dames who rustled into the room along with her, all silks, satins, and hoops, powder and patches. She wore a robe of purple velvet, richly trimmed with lace of the same hue and brocaded with gold. A few jewels gleamed amid the glossy masses of her brown hair, which, unlike the rest, she wore unpowdered, and a round little bit of black silk, called a "kissing patch," was stuck at the corner of her pretty mouth.

Her arm, to Fergus' mortification, was linked in that of Cornet Lindsay. The latter had laid aside his uniform, and now appeared in a suit of light blue silk, adorned with silver. Behind the pair stood Ulick Bourke.

"What think you, ladies and gentlemen, of this miscreant?" inquired Sir Arthur, turning with loftily, aggrieved air, to his guests; "a tenant of my own, and the sworn member of a band of scoundrelly Rapparees, who intended this night to burn the roof over my head?"

"This it seems is your father's protege, Miss Bourke, for whom I got his letter of intercession today?" he inquired sarcastically of Marion.

Lindsay nodded to the baronet and laughed.

"No doubt," he remarked, "Miss Bourke feels pained at having been duped by this cunning rascal, this base incendiary."

"I am no incendiary," exclaimed Fergus, with a defiant look at the taunting speaker.

"You are worse, you cursed eavesdropper—ahem!—you villain," snarled Ulick.

"Oh, this is all false, all a mistake!" said Marion vehemently, relinquishing her hold of Lindsay's arm and advancing to Fergus. "Say that it is—that you are innocent of this charge—that you are no Rapparee."

"Lady, I"——he paused in confusion on the brink of an involuntary falsehood. Nearly every one present noticed his hesitation and judged him accordingly.

"Say that you are no Rapparee," again entreated Marion.

"Try to think well of me, dear lady," was all he said in return.

"Away with the young ruffian!" said Gore sternly. "Come, friends we have wasted too much time on the fellow; let us back to the ball-room."

His guards hustled Fergus from the room and placed him in a dark narrow dungeon at the base of the keep—a place where, in the old days, the Bourkes had confined their captives. Next day he was conducted to the county jail by a dragoon escort under Cornet Tennison.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

SLOCAN'S SILVERY SONG.

British Columbia's New Eldorado—Something About the Coming Great Silver and Lead Country.

[*Communicated.*]

Slocan Lake mining district was discovered Sept. 25, 1891, by William M Hennessy, John J. Hennessy, John G. McGuigan, John L. Seaton and Frank W. Flint. This coming great mining country is situated about twenty miles west of Kootnia Lake, and thirty-five miles north west of the mining town of Ainsworth, B. C., which camp is situated on Kootnia Lake. The formation of this new Eldorado is limestone and schistose shale. The gangue, dolomite and quartz. The vein matter carries a good percentage of iron. The ore is galena and carbonates, and assays from $50 per ton in silver, as high as $1,500. It also carries from 45 to 65 per cent in lead. The ore is free from refractory elements. From the lay of the ground, many of the properties can be easily developed by tunnels, and little machinery will be needed for the first year or two. There is an abundance of timber, much of it white pine, and eligible sites for reduction works are not lacking. In fact the country has nearly all the advantages that are looked for by mining speculators. The main group of properties are located on one continuous vein, and their number is five. They are known as the Noble Five group, and are named as follows: The "Maud E," located by William M. Hennessy; the "World's Fair," located by John G. McGuigan; "The Bonanza King," located by John J. Hennessy; "The Knoxville," located by John L. Seaton; and "The Noble Five," located by F. W. Flint. The altitude of these claims ranges from 5,900 to 8,000 feet above the sea level. There are also located in this mining camp the "Payne," "Mountain Chief," "Lottie," "Crown Prince," "Two Jacks," "The Bear," "Maid of Erin," "Reciprocity," "Washington," and the famous "Chambers Claim," which is said to be a showing of 75 feet in width at the surface, located by Charles Chambers.

There is also what is called the 'dry ore chute," on which are located "Northern Belle," "Lone Jack," "Morning Glory," "Galena," "Blue Jay," and "Ruby Silver." This is a fair lead, and lies west of the "Bonanza King," as does also the "Robert E. Lee," "Eagle," and "Last Chance." The vein on the "Bonanza King" runs on an average from fourteen to twenty feet in width. The "Maud E" crowns this big lead, and the "Noble Five" is located at the base which last has a good showing of twenty feet of vein. Assays taken from this lead, and assayed by A. E. L. Bryant late of the Anaconda mine, show as follows: The "Bonanza King" 964 oz. to the ton in silver, the "World's Fair" 271 oz. and 500 oz., the "Maud E" 121 and 189 oz., the "Knoxville" 144 oz., and the "Noble Five" 213 oz. and 338 oz. Assays from the "Ruby Silver" from 100 to 413 oz. in silver, all carrying a heavy percentage of lead. Samples of the ore were procured from the different parts of the big lead, in order to get an average right through the lead and from this test the average assay received was 198 oz. In addition to these mining properties there are seventy-five more locations, the names of which are unknown to the writer.

Hundreds of prospectors are already preparing to enter this region, owing to the unusually early spring which this country is experiencing. Several heavy mining capitalists are at present in Spokane Falls and Seattle awaiting the earliest opportunity to enter this country and examine the "Noble Five" group. The surface showing in this country indicates a second Leadville or Butte, and in all probability will entirely overshadow them. The owners of the "Noble Five" have already refused a $500,000 proposition under bond, which demonstrates their faith in their properties.

Three railroads give access to this country, the Canadian Pacific, from the north, and the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railroads on the south, both of which connect with steamers on Kootnia River, at Bonner's Ferry, Idaho. From there these steamers make daily trips to this country, on Kootnia River and lake. The Canadian Pacific connects with steamers at Revelstoke, British Columbia, which ply between this station and the Slocan country.

In this vicinity is situated the famous camp of Nelson, B. C., which contains the famous "Silver King" mine, a copper property carrying a very high grade of silver. One and one-half million dollars was refused by the owners of this property last summer. There are also a number of valuable locations in this district. The distance between the town of Nelson and Ainsworth is thirty miles. Ainsworth is a lead and silver mining camp, her best properties being the "Kraq," "United," "Sky-Line," and "Number One" mines. Five miles from Ainsworth a smelter is in process of construction, the capacity of which will be one hundred tons per day, and which is expected to be in operation by Aug. 1. Directly east of Ainsworth, across Kootnia Lake, lies the "Blue Bell" mine, one of America's most famous lead and silver properties. Twelve miles north of Ainsworth, also on Kootnia Lake, is situated the new town of Kaslo, which is twenty miles directly east of this Slocan country. From Kaslo a wagon road will be built to the mines this summer. The Hennessy Brothers and their co-partners leave Spokane Falls April 5 for this country, to commence development work on their big lead, which promises to be one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, lead and silver properties in America. The above mining district lies about seventy-five miles north of the international boundary line, and includes what is known as the Selkirk Range of mountains.

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Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

A handsomely-designed piece of printing has been executed for the Irish National League of Great Britain. It takes the form of a card of membership, and bears a beautiful medallion of Mr. Parnell. Underneath the portrait is inscribed the dying leader's last message to his country—"Give my love to my colleagues and the Irish people." On the obverse is printed the rules which bind members to advocate the claim of National self-government as defined by the convention of July 23d last, held under Mr. Parnell's presidency. The spirit of the Independent organization is interpreted by a quotation from Wolfe Tone—"Wretched is the nation whose independence hangs on the will of another," and the duty of the followers of Mr. Parnell is emphasised by his eloquent and terse political epigram. "Hold on, and fight on."

Get something smaller than the ordinary pill. And something that's better. That means Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—they're the smallest and the best; the easiest to take and the easiest in the way they act.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romantic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Byers in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinzey, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surrsied by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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THE WIND'S WILD WORK.

It Leaves Death and Destruction in Its Path.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE IN KANSAS.

The Town of Towanda Entirely Wiped Off the Face of the Earth.

Augusta, Wellington and Other Places Badly Damaged by the Force of the Cyclone—About Thirty People in All Killed and a Large Number Injured—Seven-Story Building in Chicago Topples Over Upon a Cottage and Great Loss of Life Results — Searching for Victims by Calcium Light.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 4.—Kansas has been visited by another terrible cyclone. Butler county was the scene of the greatest havoc. The town of Towanda was entirely wiped off the face of the earth and Augusta, a few miles distant, was buffeted out of all semblance to its former self. Not a house or building was left standing in Towanda. The town was asleep when the storm swept down, razed everything in its path, and left the dead lying in its wake. Four bodies have been recovered from the ruins already searched. Twenty persons are fatally hurt and forty more seriously injured, besides a large number more or less maimed. The dead are: William Bailey, James Bailey, John Blake, Henry Blake, 10 years old, Heishel Cupp, Dr. J. D. Godfrey. Following list includes the injured, many of whom will die: Mrs. Henry Blick, George Cornelius, Mrs. Cornelius, Mrs. Tenie Carey, Frank Chenet, Mrs. Frank Chenet, Mrs. John Gibbs, Mrs. H. Gibbs, Mrs. Horton and son, George, Elmer Hamm, Mrs. John Keene, William Mitchell, Mrs. William Mitchell, Baby Mitchell, Mrs. Walter Money, Postmaster Godfrey, Lucy Poorbaugh, Henry Roach, George M. Rowell and three children, Miss Georgie Robbins, L. Sorto and wife, Alace Thornton, C. G. Westcott.

At South Haven and Wellington.

South Haven suffered severely from the storm both in the way of material damage and in the number of lives lost. The house of John Moorehouse was leveled to the ground and Moorehouse and one child was killed, other members of the family escaping. John Burgmaster's house was crushed like an eggshell and the whole family was killed in an instant. The dead are: John Burgmaster and three children; Mrs. John Burgmaster. The injured are: Benjamin Maple, not likely to recover; Charles Maple. The farm house of Joseph Showalter, southwest of Wellington, was destroyed, and of thirteen members of the family not one escaped serious injuries. Two may die. William Little, a farmer, and four children were killed outright. The dead are: William Little and four children. The seriously injured are: Samuel Butterworth and two children, may not recover; Joseph Showalter, wife and eleven children, two fatally.

At Augusta.

At Augusta the storm wrought great havoc and caused considerable loss of life. Houses were leveled to the ground and the inmates were crushed and maimed and some of them killed. The dead at the place are: Albert Barnes, William Barnes, Harmon Hoskins, William Rhodes and an infant son, Mrs. Frank Shephard, skull fractured by falling timber. The fatally injured are: Mr. and Mrs. H. Abbott; Mrs. Harmon Hoskins, J. H. Patty and four members of his family. The people at Augusta and vicinity lost nearly everything and relief is being sent there from the surrounding towns. The same storm touched Kiowa. In Kiowa the Missouri Pacific depot and a number of dwellings and buildings were demolished, and though no loss of life is known several minor mishaps are reported.

Seven Dead at Wamego.

Seven persons were killed and over a dozen others badly injured by the tornado in the little town of Wamego. The killed are: Charles Taylor, wife and child; Mrs. Albert Eggers and two children, aged 3 and 5 years respectively, and Joseph Johnson, a farm laborer. The storm leveled the house of Albert Eggers and carried the inmates a distance of 200 feet. The body of Mrs. Eggers was found at a considerable distance from the ruins of her home. The body of her youngest child was tightly clasped in her arms. The other child was buried under a mass of timbers. Charles Taylor, his wife and little child, were instantly killed. Their bodies were terribly bruised and blackened.

UNDER FALLING WALLS.

A Large Building at Chicago Collapses with Frightful Results.

CHICAGO, April 4.—A fury of rain and wind swept across Chicago Fri day evening. At 14 and 16 Pearce street, on the west side and close to the river, a tall brick building stood in the open, with little cottages clustered all about it. The seven-story giant, rising in the midst of the squatty frame buildings, was battered by the full force of a hurricane that caught the falling sheets of water and tore them into shreds. It was an unfinished structure, and the terrific gust of wind pushed into the open windows and actually tore the fresh walls apart. The building fell. Great masses of brick crashed upon the houses all about and ground them to pieces, bringing death and ruin to a half dozen families. At least seven people are known to have been killed. Ten were injured, two of them fatally. All night busy workers toiled at the heaps of debris, clearing away wreckage and recovering the victims.

The Victims of the Wreck.

The killed are: Horace Mott, 5 years old, 12 Pearce street; Edward Mott, 2 years old, 12 Pearce street; Davitt Hulett, 6 months old, 18½ Pearce street; Mrs. James Gowan, 12 Pearce street; William Gowan, 10 years old; Samuel Barsdale, mechanic, 214 West Harrison street, visiting the Gowan family; Mary Welch, Joliet, Ills., cousin of Mrs. Gowan. The injured are: Horace Wygant, Jr., 4 years old; head badly bruised, right leg broken, 12 Pearce street; Horace Wygant of 12 Pearce street, 32 years old, shoulder dislocated and internal injuries; Mrs. Horace Wygant of 12 Pearce street 28 years old, right arm broken and badly cut about the head; Alice Hulett of 18½ Pearce street, 8 years old, crushed about the head and body, both legs broken; Mrs. Ada McKeown, 312 West Harrison street, visiting at the residence of Thomas Hulett at 18½ Pearce street, badly crushed by a mass of falling bricks; James L. Gowan, 12 Pearce street, 42 years old; left leg badly crushed by falling timbers; James Mott, 12 Pearce street, crushed about the head; Mrs. James Mott, badly bruised about the body; James Mott, 12 years old, back strained and arm broken; Mamie Mott, 10 years old, seriously cut about the back of the head; David Franks, 12 Pearce street, injured about the head and right leg bruised.

Smashed Like Eggshells.

The building at 12 Pearce street is a two-story frame structure divided into four apartments. On it the great mass of brick fell and crushed it as though it had been an eggshell. The building at 18 Pearce street was also entirely wrecked. In the rear of 18 Pearce street stood the two-story brick residence which was occupied by David Hulett and his family. Fire Marshal Swenie, who lives in the immediate vicinity, was at the scene of the catastrophe within a few moments after the building fell. He at once sent for truck No. 5 and Fire Marshal Campion, and followed this order by others, augmenting the force with two men each from trucks Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6, 9 and 14. The two dozen firemen, who were under the immediate charge of Marshal Campion, worked desperately and without an instant's cessation. The men labored under a serious disadvantage. The light from their lanterns was insufficient and Chief Swenie sent out for a calcium light. The light arrived at 11 o'clock and its brilliant glare permitted the rescuing party to prosecute the search with greater vigor.

Damage and Injury at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, April 4.—The gale that swept through the city did considerable damage. A brick wall twenty feet high, forming one of the ends of Kotte & Steffens' furniture store, was blown down and four men who were engaged in repairing it were badly injured, one of them perhaps fatally. Henry Luick, a German bricklayer, was hurled to the ground amid a pile of flying brick. He was almost buried, and when he was extricated it was found that his spine had received injuries that may prove fatal. Theodore Prepper, a carpenter, had his right shoulder blade broken by a flying brick. He is 28 years old. He was taken to his home. Emile Schmidt, aged 24, slightly cut and bruised about the head. Wenzel Mazelack, badly bruised about the head and face. The wind also blew a section off the North Market Police station on Tenth street.

Several Killed in Texas.

FORT WORTH, April 4.—In Santa Anna the cyclone struck the house of a Mr. Bass, in which a death had occurred about five minutes before, killing Willie McCullum, a boy of 14, and injuring eleven other people. The house of L. L. Wood was destroyed and every member of the family, consisting of five persons, more or less injured. At a place called Bangs four people were killed and five injured. Rockwood is also said to have been visited with fatal results.

HE STARED AT PEOPLE.

The Grave Offense for Which a Negro Was Lynched in Ohio.

MASSILLON, April 4.—News has been received here of a cowardly lynching at Millersburg, Holmes county. Though mid way between Columbus and Cleveland, Holmes county is traversed by only one railroad, is fifty years behind the rest of the state and its mountainous areas populated chiefly by the Omish sect and a class of ignorant whites. Not a negro can be found within its boundary, and every Ohio colored man considers that to enter the county is to take his life in his hands. A strange negro ventured into Millersburg last week.

Found Hanging from a Tree.

It is alleged that he "sneaked around town," that he "stared at people," and committed several grave misdemeanors against the people and dignity of the state. But it does not appear that he perpetrated any crime. This negro was found Saturday morning hanging lifeless from a tree in the square in front of the court house. Some citizens heard noises during the night, but no questions were asked and none will be asked. It is taken quite as a matter of course that this negro should have been hanged. The coroner is satisfied so long as he can learn the cause of death and will make no post-mortem examination.

Took Their Own Lives.

BARABOO, Wis., April 4.—Dr. Irwin, 60 years of age, a well-known physician, was Sunday found drowned in the mill pond at Londi Sunday morning. It is supposed that he committed suicide, as he had been despondent.

OXFORD, O., April 4.—Henry H. Whitworth, aged 64, a resident of this village, committed suicide Sunday morning by jumping into a cistern. He was addicted to strong drink.

Blaine at the State Department.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Secretary Blaine, after an absence of six weeks on account of sickness, appeared at the state department Saturday morning. He devoted an hour or two to transacting routine business. It is understood that there are no new developments in the Behring sea matter, and that the negotiations are progressing satisfactorily. Mr. Blaine had an audience with the president in the morning on this subject.

Field Marshall MacMahon Present.

PARIS, April 4.—Field Marshall and ex-President MacMahon was among the distinguished persons present at the Madeleine Sunday when the archbishop of Paris celebrated a mass for wounded soldiers and sailors. The veteran seemed in good health. His wief was among the ladies who assisted in collecting alms for the soldiers and sailors.

Wisconsin Bank Robbed.

ELROY, April 1.—The City bank at this place was blown open by burglars about 1 o'clock Thursday morning and about $3,500 secured. The robbers have escaped but it is supposed they left on the southbound train going either to Chicago or Milwaukee, where detectives are on the watch for them.

Promoted to the Rank of Admiral.

NEW YORK, April 4.—Commandant Henry Erbell of the Brooklyn navy yard was promoted to the rank of rear admiral Saturday. He has been in the service nearly forty years, and will reach the age limit of 62 years in 1894, when he will be oliged to retire.

Switchmen Strike at Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, April 4.—Thirty switchmen at the Minneapolis, Duluth and St. Paul transfer struck Saturday morning because of the discharge of one of their number. Movement of freight is temporarily suspended.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Gains Made by the Republicans in Michigan.

EXCITING CONTEST AT PONTIAC.

The Democratic City Clerk Elected by a Largely Reduced Majority—Women at Bloomington, Ills., Cast Their First Ballots in the School Board Election—Republicans Win at Columbus, O., and Des Moines, Ia.—In North Dakota.

DETROIT, April 5.—Returns received by The Tribune indicate that of twenty-eight cities thus far reporting, last year seventeen went Republican. Of these Grand Rapids, Lansing, Saginaw, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Huron, and Muskegon were Democratic, but Monday they went strongly Republican. The election in Pontiac under the new law was a quiet canvass with a general approval of the law in its workings. The result shows a large increase in the number of straight ballots. The city is strongly Democratic and as usual the city and ward Democratic tickets were elected. The Patriotic Sons of America have an organization here with a membership of 200. This resulted in a contest on city clerk, the Democratic candidate being a Catholic, who was elected by a largely reduced plurality. T. A. Smith, Democrat, is elected mayor by 116, a loss of 111 as compared with one year ago. Christopher C. Healy, Democrat, was elected clerk by a plurality of 114. Houston, Prohibition, for mayor, received 109. The Democrats elect the five supervisors, also the five aldermen, a loss on the latter of one to the Republicans.

Result in Other Cities.

At the city election held in Flint there was an unusually large vote, the entire Republican ticket being elected by majorities ranging from 100 to 500. The fight was on mayor and marshal, ex-Senator George E. Taylor being elected to the former office and William A. Miller marshal. The city council will be five Republicans and four Democrats. At Charlotte the Democrats elected A. B. Collins, treasurer; Seth Ketcham, supervisor, D. F. Webber, justice of the peace, and one alderman. The Republicans elected George Foreman mayor, Howard Searles recorder, and three aldermen. At Big Rapids the Republicans elected the whole city ticket. Mayor Hobart has a majority of 146. Two of the five supervisors are Republican and three out of six aldermen are Republican. The Democrats at Alpena elected the entire city ticket by a majority of 250.

AT BLOOMINGTON, ILLS.

Women Cast Their First Vote at the School Board Election.

BLOOMINGTON, April 5.—Twelve hundred enthusiastic women cast votes at the school board election held here Monday, the first election in this city in which women ever participated. The total vote cast was 3,800, or twice as large as any previous vote at a similar election. The turnout of the women was a great surprise. Rain was falling in torrents when the polls opened at 8 o'clock, but soon thereafter the women began to arrive. Miss Mary Ward, a popular teacher, was the first woman to cast a ballot. During the afternoon in the long lines of voters, reaching from the polls half way around the block, there were ten women to one man.

Voted Against Woman's Rule.

The ladies were treated with the utmost courtesy, and not an offensive word was heard. Messrs. Quackenbush and Beath are elected, defeating Messrs. Thomas and Green. The vote stood: Quakenbush, 2,776; Beath, 2,768; Green, 995; Thomas, 970. The two former favor discontinuance of female rule in the public schools, the choice of a man for superintendent in place of Miss Sarah E. Raymond, who has been superintendent for eighteen years, and the selection of men for principals of some of the ward schools. The women voted largely against the continuance of woman's rule in the schools.

FROM OTHER POINTS.

The Republicans Carry the Election at Cincinnati and Columbus, O.

CINCINNATI, April 5.—The only candidate voted for by the whole city was for the office of judge of the superior court of Cincinnati. Twenty-eight thousand nine hundred votes were polled. F. W Moore, Republican, was elected judge by 4,850 majority over Lowery Jackson, Democrat. The Republicans elected ten out of fifteen members of the board of legislation, and eleven out of fifteen of the board of education. The Sixth ward for the first time in its history elected Republicans for both of its ward offices. At Columbus in the local election for city and ward officers the Democrats were beaten. The Republican ticket received a majority of about 2,800. At Akron the Republicans elected the mayor and a majority of the council and board of education. At Findlay the Republicans elected the mayor and made a clean sweep of the council. At Painesville the Republican ticket was defeated by a Citizens' ticket composed of two Republicans and one Democrat.

North Dakota and Montana.

MANDAN, N. D., April 5.—The city election resulted in a great Democratic victory. John A. McDugal, Democrat, was elected mayor by 69 majority, and A. E. Flynn, Democrat, treasurer by 92 majority. At Bismarck E. S. Allen was elected mayor practically without opposition. There were two nonpartisan tickets in the field, but the only work done was for the ticket headed by Allen.

HELENA, Mont., April 5.—The Democrats elected John C. Curtin mayor by a majority of 548. The Republicans carried the city last year by 438. The Democrats also elected six out of eight aldermen, giving them control of the city council. The Republicans elected the treasurer by a small majority, and also the police magistrate.

Republicans Carry Des Moines.

DES MOINES, Ia., April 5.—At the municipal election held here the entire Republican ticket, headed by C. C. Lane for mayor, was elected by about 800 majority. A light vote was polled and little interest was manifested.

At Bridgeport, Conn.

BRIDGEPORT, April 5.—The Republicans carried the municipal election here. William H. Marigold, Republican, is re-elected mayor by about 400 majority. The Republicans are also given one alderman each in the First and Sixth wards and three councilmen in the First. The fight was principally on the mayor and council. The Republicans have a safe majority in the council on joint ballot. The vote was the largest in ten years.

At Evansville, Ind.

EVANSVILLE, April 5.—At the city election A. C. Hawkins was elected mayor by 1,000 majority, together with the remainder of the ticket. The council will stand eleven Republicans and three Democrats.

HAS HE KILLED HIMSELF?

Lieutenant George Backus Missing Under Peculiar Circumstances.

NEW YORK, April 5.—Lieutenant George B. Backus, First United States cavalry, whose station is at Fort Keogh, Mont., is missing. He arrived in this city about two weeks ago and registered at the Sturtevant House. Nothing has been heard of him at the hotel for the last few days, and it is feared he has committed suicide. The war department at Washington has received a letter from him containing the startling information that he intended to take his life. The letter was mailed in New York last Saturday.

Insane Desire to Kill Himself.

The note is brief. It simply calls the attention of the officials to the rash deed he is about to commit, with the curt information that he has found it impossible to fight off an insane desire to kill himself. The war department have no reason to doubt the genuineness of the letter. The lieutenant was given a sick leave of absence about three months ago. His time was up the latter part of March. It is believed the dread of a court-martial and numerous debts which he is said to have contracted are the cause of his mental trouble.

Left Out a Little Item.

CHICAGO, April 5.—The World's fair congressional investigating committee in its inquiry into the cost of buildings discovered that President Baker had left out one item of $4,692,734.15. The error was discovered when Mr. Burnham, chief of construction, submitted his figures estimating the cost of buildings and preparations of the exposition grounds. Mr. Baker had left out of his summary the item of $4,692,734.15 of outstanding obligations in the shape of unfinished contracts. He carefully scrutinized Mr. Burnham's report and said he would send the committee a letter on the subject.

The Whaleback Wetmore Damaged.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 5.—The new whaleback steamer Wetmore put in here disabled. She started from San Diego to Port Townsend in water ballast, but encountered a heavy southwester. The water tanks burst and all the water poured into her stern. This elevated her bow against which the waves beat so strongly that they tore off the plates, broke in the stanchions and sprung many rivets. Her captain thought it dangerous to proceed without repairs. This is a black eye for the whalebacks on this coast, as the Wetmore was regarded as proof against any rough weather.

Novelist Stevenson and Samoa.

LONDON, April 5.—A dispatch from Samoa says that Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, is acquiring great influence there, especially among the natives, many of whom regard him with more reverence than they do King Malietoa, on account of the interest Stevenson takes in their affairs. He is trying to induce them to wear clothes and give up fighting. He has also taken strong ground in favor of a higher tax.

Horrible Accident at a Furnace.

LANCASTER, Pa., April 5.—An accident occurred at Vesta furnace No. 2 at Chickie's, thirteen miles west of here, by which John Grosh, of Marietta, was roasted alive. Grosh was top-filler and was at his post at the top of the furnace when the molten iron burst from the bottom of the furnace and gas and flames leaped up around him. He was roasted alive in sight of his fellow workmen.

Was Very Much in Earnest.

MEMPHIS, April 5.—William Favor is the third suicide in thirty-six hours. Saturday evening he shot himself through the breast; he aimed at his heart and the bullet passed one inch above it. Favor fell to the floor and once more clutching the pistol he placed the muzzle in his mouth and pulled the trigger. The ball passed through his brain and tore away the top of his skull.

Vetoed by Governor Abbett.

TRENTON, N. J., April 5.—Governor Abbett has vetoed the bill legalizing the Reading deal.

Three new cases of typhus fever have been discovered in New York city.

A large paper mill at Dunbar, Scotland, was burned. The loss in buildings, stocks and machinery amounts to abqut $500,000.

Thomas Skelton, a passenger on the Cunard steamer Etruria, which arrived at Queenstown was arrested upon landing on the charge of having a concealed revolver in his possession.

Eight British warships are on their way to Alexandria to form a guard of honor for Ahmed Eyoub Pasha, who is bearing the sultan of Turkey's firman of investiture of the khedive of Egypt.

The Citizens' Enterprise company of Muncie, Ind., has closed the contract for the removal of the Common Sense Engine company from Springfield, O., to Muncie, Ind. The concern is an old one, with $100,000 capital stock, employing 200 mechanics.

By an incendiary fire A. Steffen & Son of Davenport, Ia., lost goods amounting to $25,000: fully insured.

The Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, pastor of the Broadway tabernacle, New York, and "a Prince in Israel," suffered a slight stroke of paralysis.

Senator Hoar announces that he will not be able to accept the place of delegate to the Minneapolis convention. He explains that he is recovering from a severe affection of the eyes.

To Make Life's Burden Easy.

"You don't look happy," said one woman meeting another recently.

"I'm not. Life is a burden," was the prompt reply. "I'm taking cod liver oil three times a day. Its vile taste is never absent from me, the horrors of the dose past are not forgotten before the dread of the dose future is upon me."

The unhappy condition thus lugubriously recited might have been much mitigated by taking the objectionable medicine in tomato catchup or by eating a bit of fresh orange peel before and after the dose.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of Interest Condensed for the Busy Reader.

Governor Peck has ordered District Attorney Sleight of Ashland, Wis., to appear before him April 9 and show cause why he should not be removed from office for increasing the emoluments of his office.

Railroad Commissioner Norton of Ohio has tendered his resignation to Governor McKinley, to take effect May 1.

A deep water convention has been called to meet at Mississippi City, Miss., May 31. Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama are the states to be represented.

In New York there are 30,000 cash girls between 12 and 14 years of age.

The Russian navy of the present time consists of 192 vessels, of which thirty-six are first-class ships of war.

A new series of postage stamps has been issued by the republic of San Salvador. All stamps previous to 1892 have been called in, and only the new stamps will be accepted in payment of postage hereafter.

Judging from the number of charters taken out in the different states for the construction of railroads, it is estimated that upward of 7,500 miles of new track will be added to the total mileage of the country this year.

A tricycle to be propelled by electricity and to run at the average speed of ten miles an hour has been patented at Washington.

Saturday the visible supply of grain was: Wheat, 41,297,000 bushels, increase, 154,000. Corn, 12,154,000 bushels; decrease, 118,000.

Diphtheria is prevalent in Michigan Agricultural college at Lansing.

The Helvetia Township Mutual Fire insurance company of Highland, Ills., has filed a declaration and charter and will proceed to do business.

Mrs. Mary A. Green, widow of a Revolutionary soldier, died at Clay City, Ills., aged 96 years. She was married when 17 to William A. Eden, who was 77.

A Presbyterian church in Lancaster, Pa., gives a medal to every person who does not miss a church or a Sunday-school service during the year. Last year the sexton carried off all the honors.

* * *

Julius Kahn's stock of jewelry at Milwaukee has been seized by the sheriff on attachments aggregating $19,849. His assets are placed at $35,000.

Republican members of the lower house of the Iowa legislature held a caucus at which they refused to reconsider at the solicitation of delegations from the river towns the action by which the Gatch license bill was rejected.

Visitors in Paris are preparing to get out of the city as soon as possible, fearing an anarchist outbreak.

An organized gang of bandits is terrorizing the people along the Mexican Central near Guanijuato. Several trains have been derailed, passengers robbed and mail carried off.

The officials of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad company have been cited to appear before the Michigan railroad crossing board and show by what authority it makes a statement of its earnings for 1891 upon its entire system instead of its main line for purposes of taxation.

H. H. Hemingway of Tomah has been elected president of the Wisconsin Lumber Dealers' association.

Twenty-two criminal cases for violation of the prohibitory law are docketed for the coming district court term at Creston, Ia.

The Bunker Hill Transportation company has been organized at Bunker Hill, Wis., with a capital of $100,000. The company will operate a line of steamboats between Chicago and Buffalo.

Thomas F. Wheeler, the colored juror in the Cascadon murder case at Philadelphia, charges Elias W. Evans, another member of the jury, with an attempt at bribery.

Cedar Inspector Frank Hunt stabbed himself through the heart at Menominee, Mich.

Planing-mill hands at Covington and Newport, Ky., demand shorter hours and no reduction of pay. A strike is probable.

If the present weather should continue the Straits of Mackinac are likely to be clear of ice by April 10.

* * *

Martin Gill, a miner, was killed by his partner, known as "Dutch Pete," at Fall Creek, Col.

Floods are doing much damage in North Dakota and Montana. A bridge, twelve miles of track, and a trestle were swept away on the Northern Pacific in Montana.

Six houses were blown down near Saylersville, Ky., during a hurricane.

Anson has played eight games at Hot Springs, and lost five. He dropped the last one to Cleveland by a score of 10 to 1.

Walter Arnold, who killed Lillie Chapman on the steamer Scotia, last November, has been convicted at Cincinnati of murder in the second degree.

Vincennes, Ind., is being terrorized by a gang of well-dressed tramps whose headquarters are across the river in Illinois. Seven members of the gang have been arrested on the charge of blowing open the safe of the Consolidated Tank line.

A conflagration accompanied by great loss of life is reported in Mandalay, Burmah. Three-fourths of the city has been destroyed and the flames are still raging.

Silver ore averaging $1,800 a ton is said to have been mined near Lordsburg, Cal. Thousands are flocking to the place.

Thomas Zacharias, well-known as a base ball umpire, was killed by a train at Homestead, Pa.

Governor Boies of Iowa has vetoed the bill for the protection of makers of negotiable paper known as "the innocent purchasers' bill."

Isaac Witherald, a farmer living near Lebanon, Ind., was whipped by Whitecaps and warned to leave the county. His alleged attentions to his niece caused the trouble.

"Prince" Michael Mills, leader of the "Disciples of the Flying Roll," and his "spiritual wife," Lizzie Courts, were held in bonds in Detroit on charges of immorality. It is feared that an attempt will be made to lynch Mills.

A certificate of incorporation has been filed in the office of the clerk of Middlesex county, N. J., for the United States Rubber company. The capital is $50,000,000. Every rubber company of any size in this country is in the combination.

* * *

A train on the L. E. and St. L. ran into an open switch near Princeton, Ind. Engineer John Rosenburger, Firemas Peter Delaney, Conductor Harry Kramer, Brakemen T. J. Roberts and M. O. Wright were injured.

Exports of domestic produce from the United Kingdom in 1890 amounted to £32,000,000, and in 1891 to only £27,000,000.

The Chinese government has garrisoned all the mission districts in China, and has promised to punish severely the perpetrators of any outrages in the future.

The Russian finance minister intends to issue a new 1½ per cent. loan of 75,000,000 rubles for the purpose of extending the railway system.

T. N. Terrell of Danville, Va., died at Detroit of injuries inflicted by an unknown man.

A telegram received at Columbus, Ind., announced the suicide at his home in the Indian territory of Mahlon Hayes, a former citizen of that city and twice sheriff and treasurer of the county.

The ice has gone out of Black lake and navigation is once more opened.

The civil engineer of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway company has notified several Salem, Ills., citizens that they were occupying premises which belonged to the railway company. An examination of the records proved his claim.

Mrs. Cyrus W. Field in her will left all her estate to her husband, with the exception of her jewelry and laces.

Silver mines in Colorado continue to close down on account of low prices. Two thousand miners are out of employment in Leadville alone.

Andrew Carnegie has given $100,000 for a library and gymnasium at Homestead, Pa., to be used mainly by his own workingmen.

The will of Mr. R. B. Harrison, late World's fair commissioner from Minnesota, has been probated at Duluth. The estate of $1,200,000 is divided equally between the widow and daughter, after paying $100 a month for the support of Mr. Harrison's mother and $20 to Helen B. Harrison.

It is said the strike of coal miners in Durham is likely to be prolonged a fortnight longer. Trade is greatly restricted, owing to scarcity of fuel. Hundreds of people are in a starving condition.

Emerson McMillen, president of the Columbus, O., gas company, who was hurt in a railroad disaster near Indianapolis April 26, 1891, has sued the Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago Railroad company for $50,000 damages.

* * *

William Pratt of Mount Forest, Mich., who claimed that he was robbed by two men who then set fire to his clothes and left him in an old shanty, has succumbed to his injuries. The general belief in the township seems to be that Pratt got drunk and accidentally set fire to his clothing.

William Murphy, a young clerk at Dixon, Ills., was shot by an unknown person. The animus in the attempted assassination is unknown.

President Adams of the Alabama Alliance, has issued a call for labor organizations to meet at Birmingham May 30.

Governor Pifer pardoned James Waldron, who is dying of consumption. Waldron killed Daniel Lindley in 1889, and was sent from DeWitt county, Ills., for sixteen years for manslaughter.

Among the licenses to marry issued at Red Wing, Minn., was one to Ole Swedalberg and Johanna Carleen. The bride is 78 and the groom 73.

Clearing house returns for the week show a comparative increase of 36.7 per cent.

A flour packer in H. J. O'Neill's mill at St. Charles, Minn., exploded, setting the mill on fire and causing $20,000 damage.

A granite sepulcher for the late J. I. Case of Racine, Wis., the famous horse-breeder, is about to be reconstructed from Vermont granite at a cost of $18,000.

A train was blown from the track on the Burlington and Northwestern railroad forty miles north of Burlington, Ia. Four persons were seriously injured.

Liabilities of the Banque Generale des Chemins de Fer et de l'Industrie of Paris, which failed recently are placed at $12,000,000.

Burglars secured $300 worth of pocket cutlery from the hardware store of Gardner, Ure & Young at New Hampton, Ia.

Albert K. Timmer of Holland, Mich., hung himself. He was deranged by the grip.

The Duchess of Pastrana, who has just died at Madrid, has bequeathed the greater part of her enormous fortune to the Jesuits.

* * *

"Prince Michael" Mills has filed his answer in the Detroit court to his wife's plea for separation. He accuses her of attempted violence and conspiracy.

The annual international socialist congress will meet in London, June 7, and will discuss the question of an international strike for the purpose of securing a working day of eight hours.

William O'Connor escaped from the Kankakee insane asylum and was captured on the streets of Valparaiso, Ind.

A desperate encounter took place between a force of police and a band of robbers in Thessaly. One robber was killed and all the rest were captured.

French troops have captured the rebel forts at Yentse, in Tonquin, after hard fighting, during which three officers and seventeen privates were killed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has most peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

...EN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.
...on, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 9, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

...llowing are the announcements for the ...eepful places of amusement during the com... week:

...OOLEY'S THEATER.
...dolph-st. between Clark and Lasalle—"Globe."

...'VICKER'S THEATER.
...dison street, between Dearborn and State—...ennison Thompson.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
...ear Clark and Washington Sts. — The ...ilgrim Fathers.

COLUMBIA THEATER.
...rison street, between Clark and Dearborn—...harles Frohman's Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
...ph-st., between Washington and Randolph—...rank Daniels.

HAYMARKET THEATER.
...st Madison-st., between Halsted and Union ...obby Gaylor.

HAVLIN'S THEATER.
...South avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Fay Twins."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
...South avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from ...a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

ENGLAND'S DEADLY HATRED OF AMERICA.

The recent unpleasantness between our ...vernment and that of Great Britain has ...veloped to the American mind the very ...portant fact that Gen. Wesley Merritt, ...S.A., was entirely right when he said, ...o or four weeks ago, that England was ...t alone our hereditary but also our ...tural enemy. We have the testimony ...no less a person than that pro-English ...erican, Mr. G. W. Smalley, of the New ...rk *Tribune*, to this effect. Telegraph... from London to his paper, under date April 2, Mr. Smalley says:

"When President Harrison's ready assent ...Lord Salisbury's suggestions for a set...ment became known in England the ...tragicous charges against him were not ...thdrawn. There was no acknowledg...nt, no apology. The insult is allowed ...stand. There is not a word of atone...nt or regret. The unanimous ratifica...n by the Senate of the arbitration ...aty offered a second occasion for doing ...stice to the great officer of State, the ...end of a friendly nation whom these ...urnals had slandered. The chief of them ...s improves the occasion in retorts and ...ggravates the insult. The *Times* wel...omes that ratification with one of its ...ost offensive articles. You may read, if ...u care to, of the president 'fuming and ...uttering in a fashion which Americans ...oubtably think imposing and which ...nglishmen certainly think absurd.' The ...ame 'puts aside the president's histri...nics.' The 'presidential bluster' has done ...o harm. He has 'twisted the tail of the ...ritish lion and lowered the dignity of ...s own country.' These assertions are ...pported by the most barefaced misstate...ent of facts touching the treaty and the ...tion both of the president and the ...nate. I do not doubt that misstatements ...e made in good faith. They are due to ...norance. But when the relations of two ...iendly countries are concerned ignor...nce is not innocent and it is not an ...cuse."

Mr. Smalley knows very well that the ...sults to the president are not the result ...f ignorance. The English are only too ...ell 'up' in everything that relates to ...merica, and her growing power and ...osperity inflame their jealousy and ...rouse their cupidity. The comparatively ...defended state of our seaboard and our ...keboard; the incompleteness of our ...avy, and the lack of a thorough military ...rganization in most of our States, are ...ell known to the British bullies, and the ...nowledge makes them correspondingly ...solent.

A war with us, at the present moment, ...ould give them a temporary advantage, ...ecause their navy is about twenty times ...er strength, and they would singe our ...esports—perhaps lay some of them under ...ribute—accordingly. Meanwhile, such ...roops as could be mobilized by us would ...e moved at once against the British pos...essions in America from Puget Sound to ...he Bay of Fundy, and our ocean greyhounds would get after the British mer...hantmen. At the end of six months, if ...ar were to be declared today, we might ...e in mourning for San Francisco, New ...ork and, probably, Boston. Indeed, our ...ational capital is not any too well de...ended in the naval sense, and many of ...ur lesser ports are in a shameful condi...ion of helplessness.

But, at the end of the same period, England would have to weep for Canada—...our armies would throttle her at the Welland Canal, and, in the far Northwest, they would cut the Canadian Pacific into pieces. Added to our greyhounds of the deep would be privateers under letters of marque, so that British commerce would be driven from the ocean. All the personal property owned by British aliens in this country would be placed in jeopardy, if not confiscated. The latter policy would surely follow any hostile act on the part of the parties interested. In a year from the commencement of war, if it lasted that long, England, a nation compelled to import food to feed her people, and to export manufactures to pay for the food, would be practically ruined. Her starving people would rise against the monarchy. Russia, her sleepless foe, would carry out her designs in the East, and, in that case, her fleet would co-operate with ours. If France took any part in the conflict, it would be with Russia and us, while Germany and Italy would be paralyzed by such a powerful alliance, and, in all probability, remain neutral.

By the time we got through, Canada would be American, India Russian, Ireland a republic, and the haughty England of today a third-class power, with a bankrupt treasury, a shattered monarchy, a disorganized people, and a future of sackcloth and ashes. This is what it will all come to in the end. America, taught by recent bitter experience, will strengthen her navy to first-class proportions; and make her seaboard defenses impregnable. She will encourage an immense militia, or volunteer, force in all the States—employing the regular army, which at present has little else to do, to organize and drill it; and, when the time for action comes, she will round out her northern frontier by annexing all of Canada, from Nova Scotia to the southern line of Alaska, which will settle, in the only rational way, the Bering Sea difficulty, by destroying every vestige of British colonial power on this continent. America never will forget or forgive England's recent display of her ruffian jealousy and hatred.

ANARCHISTS IN PARIS.

The sensational reports that are now appearing in the press in regard to dynamite explosions and the spread of anarchist agitation in Paris, must be taken with a very large sprinkling of salt. The rumor of an explosion at one of the banks in that city, was proved to be a lie of whole cloth. Other incidents that did really occur have been grossly exaggerated. The motive of this wholesale lying is obvious. Paris is well studded all over with English journalists whose hatred and jealousy of the republic prompt them to make mountains out of molehills, whenever the feeblest attempt is made by the *sans culottes* to upset established authority. Their colleagues in Russia follow the same tactics in their blood curdling and mendacious reports of the condition of that empire—simply because the czar is the big bugbear of the British public. And so the general run of people on this continent are more or less blinded to the truth by these Munchausen scribes.

The fact is that the anarchists of Paris, if brought in a bundle to Chicago, could, numerically, find ample room in three of Mr. Yerkes' cable cars. They are a little knot of fanatical faddists or criminal idiots, in whose entire composition there is hardly one redeeming quality. They have no representatives either in the chamber of deputies or in the senate. Their influence at the polling booths is practically an unknown quantity—even in a country where manhood suffrage is the recognized law. Yet by their very audacity they make a noise in the world, and induce the uninitiated to imagine that they are thousands where they are simply units. The French republic has nothing to fear from the dark designs of these contemptible creatures.

ARE THE IRISH A RED-HAIRED RACE?

A writer in *American Notes and Queries*, published in Philadelphia, under date of March 26, has a very interesting article on "The Revolution in Ethnology." He assumes, however, that the real old Celts were "brawny, fair-skinned and red-haired." He gives these attributes to the Irish Celts in particular, when he says: "Yes, ages and ages ago the Celt came down upon Greece and Italy, nor has he ceased even unto this day. Well does the writer remember the truly gigantic appearance of the fair, blue-eyed, red-haired Irishmen of the Papal Zouaves, as they stalked about among the swarthy, sturdy, but short Italians of Rome."

The writer must have reference to the Papal Brigade enlisted in Ireland in 1860, and which did duty over most of northern Italy. It was our fortune, in early youth, to see a good-sized contingent of that organization, and, with a very few exceptions, they were dark, or brown-haired, with, for the most part, gray eyes. We have seen about as many Irish people together, both in Ireland and in this country, as most men of our age, and truth compels us to say that, as far as our observation has extended, only about 2 or 3 per cent of the Irish can be truthfully described as being red-haired. There is a beautiful shading of auburn in the dark locks of many Irish women—the most beautiful hair to be found among mortals, heavy, glinting and luxurious—but nobody, unless he was color blind, could call them red, or strawberry, tresses. There is a great deal of beauty in brilliant red hair—not the brick colored article—and a handsome woman, with a mass of red locks, is all the more beautiful in consequence, especially as snowy skin is an usual accompaniment of such hirsute adornment, particularly in Irish women. But THE CITIZEN cannot allow the writer in *American Notes* to credit Ireland with an attribute which does not belong to her people, any more than it does to the English or the Welsh. The Scotch, as a matter of fact, run higher on the per centage of red hair than any modern people. Anybody who visits a Scotch Presbyterian church, or who has ever seen a regiment of real Highlanders, will bear testimony to this fact.

The writer referred to is, quite evidently, an enthusiastic Aryan, for, in concluding his article, he says:

"No, it (the Aryan race) is not extinct, but lives on in unbroken chain to the present day. Think of its mighty course, ages ago, before the continent west of Asia received its present shape, the Aryan held aloft the torch of civilization to future Europe. It overran the land, conquering and teaching. From it came Greece, Rome, Gaul, Hispania, Britain, the Scotia of Hibernia, and Caledonia, the lands of the Britons, the Cymry and the Gael, while to the eastward it evolved the Slav.-Lettic families of the race, the Serbs and Poles who, on the fall of Eastern Rome, stood in the breach and saved all western Europe from the Turk. Think of its valor, of its learning, of its faith. If, as is now supposed, the Aryans originated in Europe and went thence to Asia, they may first be found in India and Medo-Persia. The sword of the Mede struck down the first great empire—the Assyrian; that of Aryan Cyrus raised the Persian, stretching from Asia to Europe; then came the Aryan Greek, and Alexander reversed the course of empire, and then rose Aryan Rome and conquered all the world. And after, when the great flood of Teutonic barbarism had submerged or utterly swept away the art and learning of antiquity, it was the Aryan Scot of Erin and Caledonia that rekindled on the continent, north of the Alps, the sacred fire, and it was in his island home that the awakening intellect of northern Europe found schools and teachers. The Angle, the Saxon and the Frank received from Celtic hands their letters and their baptism.—witness S. S. Aidan, Columbanus, Kilian and Gall.

"In Britain, from the days of Boadicea on to Arthur's and the latter times, the Celtic Cymry stood up manfully till overwhelmed or intermingled with Teutonic conquerors. The Scot, in Caledonia, stood successfully at bay. In Ireland he strove and struggled on for centuries, winning a brilliant victory under Brian, and when at last, in after time, expelled his native isle, his sword and intellect found a fair field and honor on the continent; later the Gael and Cymry peopled America and now are filling yet another continent—Australia, while hidden under German masks the Celt yet fills the middle land of Europe; the broad, red-headed Celt still swarms upon the world, the living proof that Aryan blood still flows and animates the human race."

A BEAU BRUMMEL DEMOCRAT.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, ex-manufacturer of screws, is now and has been for some years past, the petted darling of blue-blooded duchesses, and the lion of London sweldom. He has attained this questionable distinction thanks to the recantation he made of his Radical and Republican principles. A veritable political eel, he has wiggled himself, so to speak, out of the slums of Whitechapel into the gilded chambers of the West end of the modern Babylon by betraying his pledges, and denying his chief. From being a possible English Riensi, he has degenerated into a toad-headed flunkey, who is prepared to barter everything which an honest man holds dear for the smile of a prince or the handshake of a peer.

The strangest thing, however, about this audacious thimble-rigger is the persistent and dogged manner in which he insists on being still considered a Democrat. He poses as a champion of the people in silk stockings and white gloves. In a costume reeking with the odors of violet and lavender, he preaches the cause of the poor and outcast with the brazen-faced effrontery of a pervert and a renegade. He has become, in fact, a Beau Brummel Democrat—sporting a sumptuous sprig of orchid in his button hole, while speaking to the rag-tag and tatterdemalion corner boys of Birmingham.

Still in his Democratic speeches he cannot help showing the cloven foot of a brand new aristocrat. In a recent utterance of his in regard to a toast which was proposed in honor of the British house of lords, this former would-be leveller of that institution had the following defense to make for it:

"I am sure that you will treat this toast with respectful sympathy, and I cannot help adding that, although the house of peers is a good deal threatened now-a-days, in all probability it will outlive most of us, and will remain for some generations to come a picturesque and a stately, if not a supremely important, part of the British constitution."

This is a most palpable *coup de face* on the part of the Birmingham political acrobat. His gymnastic feats in the public arena have been on the whole the most wonderful of any on record. Those performances are accomplished, however, with a certain settled and definite object in view. In return for his betrayal of the Irish cause as well as his betrayal of that of the British Democracy he expects, of course, to shake the dust of Radicalism forever from the soles of his boots by being called to the perfumed benches of the house of lords. In other words, Mr. Chamberlain's political ambition is the peerage. THE CITIZEN suggests that the proper title for him to assume would be that of "Baron Brummagem and Earl of Birmingham!"

IRISH-AMERICANS AND THE CAUSE OF FACTION.

The Rev. D. Humphreys, of Tipperary, a Catholic clergyman, who has in the past accomplished good work for the Irish cause, is bidding fair to do serious damage to his political reputation by the intemperate and uncalled for remarks in which he has been lately indulging at the expense of Irish-Americans. Father Humphreys has been a conspicuous figure in the struggle against Smith Barry in the premier county; and hence the reverend gentleman's utterances are invested with a certain amount of importance which it would be idle for THE CITIZEN to ignore.

Speaking recently in the town of Tipperary, Father Humphreys is reported to have said: "Our American friends tell us to put an end to faction, or that, if we do not, they will give us no more money. While deprecating faction, these men are doing their best to perpetuate it." This is verily a sweeping attack on the people of Irish birth or blood in this country, who have contributed something over two million dollars to the Irish cause within the past ten years, and whose devotion to and love of the old motherland, none but the narrow minded ever dared to call into question. This onslaught on the part of the Rev. Mr. Humphreys is all the more reprehensible in being, as it certainly is, a display of utter ingratitude for services loyally and enthusiastically rendered. Irish Americans supplied the sinews of war for the Land and National League movements. Father Humphreys repays this lavish generosity by asserting that Irish-Americans are today perpetuating faction in Ireland!

THE CITIZEN has no hesitation in declaring that Irish Americans would be making driveling idiots of themselves, if they gave any financial support to Mr. Justin McCarthy and his friends with whom Father Humphreys seems to be in such thorough sympathy. We know that such support, if given, would be used to hunt out of politics Nationalists of the type of the Redmonds and other men of the best blood of Ireland, who are at least as sincerely devoted to Ireland's interests as the reverend gentleman himself and his co-workers. Irish-Americans will tolerate no such ostracism so far as their purse and pocket are concerned.

Another remark of the Rev. Mr. Humphreys, which was equally uncalled for, was to the effect that the Paris funds were originally subscribed by Irish-Americans for the evicted tenants. Now, everybody, who knows anything about it, knows that the money in question was given for purely political purposes and not for charity. The Rev. Mr. Humphreys would do well to keep his mouth closed for the future.

JOHN T. GILDEN got a good complimentary vote, which he greatly deserved, in the Nineteenth Ward, but it was impossible to overcome John Powers' Democratic majority.

THE Irish rec-reants who ostentatiously sport the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day only "mock their country's fate." Therefore, THE CITIZEN has no sympathy to waste on Private O'Grady, of an English regiment, who was recently punished for such a display. The rec-reant and the shamrock are things apart. If Irishmen kept out of the British army, they would be more respected by their tyrants. "The rose should fade, and the shamrock shine forever now."

"ED" CULLERTON is unhorsed at last. Well, "Ed," the walking is good, and shank's mare is not a bad horse. If we are not mistaken "Ed" will get into the saddle again one of these days and make things quite lively for the fellows who will have to do the walking then.

THE *Freeman's Journal* and *National Press* of Dublin have become amalgamated. They had to combine, or else die of inanition. Tim Healy, M. P., is the "boss" of the new combination; while Captain O'Connor, who, in his capacity as husband of Mr. Dwyer Gray's widow, controlled the *Freeman* concern during the last few months, has absolutely got "left," and is now a "fifth wheel." Whig journalism does not evidently pay in Dublin.

E. F. DUNNE, who has occupied the position of alderman in the old Fifth and new Sixth Wards, during a dozen years, has been defeated in the latter ward by Henry Suckart, also an old and respected citizen of the same section. Edward F. doesn't seem to be a lucky name this year.

THE leading Liberal daily of Canada, *La Patrie*, is just out in favor of annexation. This remarkable event proves beyond all doubt that public opinion in that country is fast drifting towards union with this country.

STILL another expulsion from the sacred precincts of the British parliament! Mr. de Cobain, M.P. for Belfast, had recently been kicked out of Westminster charged with an unnatural and unmentionable crime, while another of the nation's representatives has got to follow suit in the person of Mr. Hastings, who has just been convicted of a very scandalous and treacherous misapplication of trust money which has brought a respectable family to beggary. And yet such be thy gods, O Israel! The so-called "honorable" members of the British commons are bringing just contempt down on their "honorable" house. In no other parliament is there such a herd of black sheep. The "first assembly of gentlemen in the world" is fast becoming a den of thieves and sharpers. It is, as the late O'Donoghue put it, no place for an Irish gentleman to set his foot in.

DR FOX, M.P., the late McCarthyite delegate to this country, is a little premature and much too sanguine in the farewell address with which he favored a few listeners before leaving New York recently for England. He is confident, he says, that his party will be provided by Irish-Americans with ample funds to meet the expenses of the general election. Dr. Fox's confidence is decidedly foolhardy just now. Irish-Americans are heartily sick of footing the bills of Irish parliamentary gentlemen—the more so as these latter have done nothing for their pay. Irish-Americans, moreover, have received but scant gratitude for their generosity from those who were its recipients. When a voice from this side is raised in condemnation of faction, it is met on the other with a chorus of "no dictation!" Under these circumstances Irish-Americans may be trusted to keep a firm grip of their dollars—so far as Irish parliamentary agitation is concerned.

IN Tennyson's new drama there is a lyric of the Jingo type which will raise the cockles of the hearts, and tickle the palates, of his countrymen. In it we are informed that there is no land like England, that there are no hearts like English hearts, no maids like English maids, and no men like Englishmen! THE CITIZEN thoroughly agrees with this declaration, but not precisely from the point of view of the flunkey laureate. There are certainly no hearts politically like the English for callousness, and no men like the Englishmen in their efforts to down and, if possible, ravage the rest of the world in the cause of English commerce and industry. This is not, however, Tennyson's idea of the Anglo-Saxon and his characteristics. Such self-laudation is rather tiresome. It is, in fact, nauseating John Bull is verily an egregious ass if he fancies that he stands on the hub of the universe, and controls the stars. He doesn't—despite all the patriotic splutterings and high-falutin of his hireling poet. John should have the common sense to see himself as others see him. It would save him indeed many a foolish notion.

THE growing independence of Norway under Home Rule is an instructive object lesson to Irishmen, as it points to the probability if not certainty of Ireland being able—once she secures a College Green parliament—of extending her liberty still further in the course of time, and of developing her constitutional or "unconstitutional" rights when a proper opportunity for doing so would present itself. Norway has now a parliament whose powers are as unlimited as those of the legislature of Sweden. Step by step the former country has during the last twenty years placed herself almost on a level with her neighbor who made vain efforts to keep the valiant Norsemen in subjection.

ANARCHY is lifting its hydra-head in Paris. The Republic, however, is strong and powerful enough to crush the detestable monster. It is only in a despot-governed state that lawlessness can have any show whatever.

QUITE recently Norway has scored another point in the direction of complete independence. She is now on the eve of securing independent consular representation abroad for herself alone. This is only a stepping-stone to the establishment of Norwegian embassies all the world over, and to the complete separation of that country from Sweden. Republicanism, it may be added, is growing stronger and stronger in Norway.

THE CITIZEN wonders what St. Patrick from his throne in high heaven thinks of some of the very peculiar methods employed to do his memory honor. St. Patrick's morning is celebrated in the Lower Castle Yard, Dublin, by painted peeresses and dowdy dowagers who string necklaces of shamrocks around the necks of their favorite pups from the balcony amid the applause of the loafers and corner boys below. Last St. Patrick's Day the Foot Guards of Victoria of England played a selection of Irish music in the court yard of St. James' palace in London. It is even rumored that the little old lady herself and her trusty henchman, Balfour, sported the trefoil in honor of Ireland's apostle!

DR. EMMET and his friends will find themselves wofully mistaken if they imagine that Irish-Americans are going to pour their dollars into the McCarthyite exchequer. Irish-Americans will not contribute one red cent to the cause of faction. Last week's meeting at the Cooper Union, New York, has put a clincher on the pretensions of Irish Whigs in this country.

THE French government has—very properly—refused to accede to Salisbury's request to indemnify two Englishmen who were recently arrested by mistake in Paris, and whose incarceration lasted only for a few hours. One of the "victims" writes as follows to the *London Daily Telegraph:* "I had a quantity of luggage, wraps, etc., £25 in the hands of the manager of the hotel, and a check book amply proving the respectability of myself and my brother. We were both well dressed and wore valuable jewelry!" Is not this a charming specimen of Anglo-Saxon impertinence? According to the English social code it seems that any fellow possessing a check book, a decent suit of clothes and a diamond ring bears on his brow the sacrosanct seal and stamp of respectability forsooth! Fine feathers make fine birds in the eyes of these electro-plated gentry.

MR JOHN J. FITZGIBBON, one of the leading Irish Americans of South Chicago, delivered a most eloquent and well-deserved encomium on Germany and the Germans recently at the dedication of the Calumet Turner Hall. After eulogising the German-Americans of Chicago, the learned speaker entered into a graphic description of the role played by Germans in literature, philosophy, science and art, and pointed to Leipsits, Kant, Fichte, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner as German master minds whose fame was world wide. Mr. Fitzgibbon's able address was punctuated throughout with rounds of applause.

MRS. MARGUERITE MOORE, the lady who championed the late Mr. Parnell at the Cooper union gathering, is an enthusiastic Nationalist. She has suffered imprisonment for the Irish cause and has been a consistent and impenitent rebel. Mrs. Moore is a women of literary accomplishments, and is, moreover, a *contralto* of decided merit.

SALISBURY has had at last to eat the leek in the Bering straits matter. President Harrison brought the British bully to his knees.

MR JOHN E. REDMOND, M. P., in the course of a lecture recently delivered in the Rotunda, Dublin, in aid of the fund for a home for James Stephens, uttered several salient truths of an opportune and timely character. One of these was to the effect that the essence of Ireland's national demand at the present day was contained in Mr. Isaac Butt's definition in 1870 of an Irish parliament "to have supreme control over the internal affairs of Ireland just as if no imperial parliament ever existed." This is Mr. Redmond's programme, and this should be the programme of every man who seeks to voice the national aspirations of Ireland. Nothing less can be accepted by the Irish except at the risk of their forfeiting all claims to be considered a self-respecting people.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and as seldom read.

"TYROWEN," City.—"The mouth of the Yellow Ford"—in Gaelic Beul an atha bhuidhe—the scene of Hugh O Neill's great victory over Marshal Bagnal on Aug. 10, or according to some authorities, including T. D. McGee, Aug. 18, 1598, is pronounced in the Irish tongue, as nearly as possible, as follows: "Bale (long a, as in the English word bale) an-aw-ha-wee," thus:

Bale-an-aw-ha-wee beheld us
Bagnal's fiery onset curb.

"INQUIRER," City.—The penalty of one per cent is added to all unpaid taxes, state, county, city and town, after May 1. There is an additional charge of one per cent after June 1, and so on. If taxes remain unpaid up to September, the property can be sold, with the option of redemption, but the latter is an expensive process. The best way is to pay your taxes when they fall due.

"T. LEE," City.—THE CITIZEN knows nothing whatever about the movements of the person you inquire about.

"PATRICK CARROLL," City.—Two of Daniel O Connell's sons, Maurice and John, were members of the British parliament. Neither made much of a mark in that body. Maurice was much the more talented of the two sons. John was a pigmy compared with his father and brother. Morgan John O Connell, nephew of the great agitator, was also a member of parliament for many years.

P. O'B." Calumet.—Daniel O'Connell, Isaac Butt and C. S. Parnell have been successively in this century the constitutional leaders of the Irish race at home. The revolutionary leaders were Robert Emmet, John Mitchel and James Stephens. The revolutionary element in Irish politics has been always the purest and most consistently national.

"CELT," City.—Your verses on the World's Fair are a little premature. Their publication would be more timely in the autumn.

"SANCHO."—The sentiments you express are certainly uncompromising. We think, however, that nothing should be said or done to widen the breach between the contending Irish parties. Strong personal language would be impolitic just now.

"D.," St. Louis.—Held over for consideration.

"P. J. B.," City.—The larger cities of Ireland, such as Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Limerick and Waterford, have boards of aldermen. In the smaller communities the municipal legislators are called town councillors, or town commissioners.

"HISTORICUS," St. Paul.—There are a good many other points in Irish history, which deserve to see the light also. Persons who sneer at history must be either knaves or fools. History is the life of nations, of religions and of races.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington" just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Nothing adds so much to a person's appearance as a fine thick head of hair of even color, and to assure this use only Hall's Hair Renewer.

IRISH AND SCOTCH GAELIC.

A Lucid Sketch of the History of the Language in Modern Times in Scotland.

How the Cloven Hoof of England May be Seen in Scotch Gaelic.

[*Communicated.*]

Those who take an interest in Gaelic will be pleased to find in this issue of THE CITIZEN Prof. MacKinnon's answer to the Gaelic Society of New York, whose address to the Gaels of Scotland, through him, appeared in THE CITIZEN on Jan. 23. In gentlemanliness, urbanity and professed regard for the Gaelic language, Prof MacKinnon's letter leaves nothing to be desired. But words are cheap. Those who are sincere in their love for Gaelic, whether they are Scotch or Irish, would much rather see Prof. MacKinnon's promise to try to do something to make the printed Gaelic of Scotland intelligible to the Irish than to read the most "honied sentences" couched in a language that Prof. MacKinnon's great grandfather could not understand, and that was never spoken or written by any human being until about a hundred and forty years ago

Prof. MacKinnon fully admits that the Gaelic of Scotland has been changed of late, that Carswel wrote it as he found it, and that it was written as Carswel wrote it, up to the year 1760, or thereabouts. He says that it was necessary to make a change in the manner of writing Scotch Gaelic in order to make it intelligible to the masses. We have Carswel's written testimony that he wrote in the "usual language" of the people. He says also that he did not profess to be a Gaelic scholar in the true sense of the term; that he was afraid fault-finders would say that his language had not "smas na bh-fileadh," or the polish of the poets, on it; and reiterates that he only knew the common, usually-spoken Gaelic of the people. All this is substantially admitted by Prof. MacKinnon in his annexed letter; yet he says that "it was not without cause that the change was made," which is tantamount to saying that the language of Carswel, which continued to be written in Scotland down to the year 1760, suddenly became unintelligible to Gaelic speakers, so that a new system of writing it had to be adopted!!

Here, then, we have the most extraordinary thing that ever occurred in the history of languages or literatures, namely, a system of writing a language that had been in use for many hundreds of years, to have become suddenly unintelligible to the speakers of that language, and to have required replacement by a system for which nothing in the written monuments of the language gave any authority whatever.

There is hardly a decade between 1567, the year when Carswel's Gaelic prayer book was printed, and 1750 or '60, in which something was not printed in Gaelic in Scotland, and every vestige of the printed Gaelic of those times is the same as the Gaelic of Ireland. Stuart, author of the first Scotch Gaelic grammar ever published, gives a specimen of the Gaelic of Carswel written in 1567, and a specimen written by Kirk in 1688, but they are both in the same language, namely, Irish. James Duncan, of Glasgow, published a book of hymns and metrical translations of the psalms for the Synod of Argyle in 1738; it is pure Irish, without a trace of modern Scotch Gaelic corruptions and distortions. It is written in the language of Carswel. This book may be seen in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

Prof. MacKinnon knows perfectly well that the change made in the manner of writing Gaelic in Scotland was due to politics and politics. He knows that every form of Gaelic speech used by the Highland Scotch, that savored too much of the forms common in Ireland, has been carefully excluded from Scotch Gaelic "as she is now wrote." *Dubhradar*, "they said," *chonnacamar*, "we saw," any many other synthetic verbal forms are still used in the current Gaelic of Scotland, but are never permitted in printed Gaelic. He must also know that in such incorrect Scotch Gaelic phrases as "cathair *nan* riogh," tobar *nan* ceann," the last n of the *nan* is not pronounced except by such persons as adopt their pronunciation to the distorted Gaelic of modern books. It would seem to any impartial observer that the *sole* desire of those who manufactured the present written linguistic curiosity called Scotch Gaelic, was to make it as different as possible from Irish without making it absolutely unintelligible.

For about a hundred years Bedel's Irish Bible was the only Gaelic version of the Scriptures extant in Scotland. Prof MacKinnon said in a previous letter that it had become partially unintelligible when the Scotch Gaelic Bible was brought out in 1760 or '70 This is contrary to every thing in the history of modern times; for in all Protestant countries the language of the Bible became the standard of whatever tongue it was written in. This was the case in England, Germany and, in fact, in all Protestant countries. If the Irish bible was intelligible to the Gaelic-speaking Scotch in 1650, it *must* have been still more intelligible to them in 1750, for they would have become more familiar with it.

It is simply shocking how men will hedge and squirm rather than acknowledge the truth. Prof. MacKinnon cannot be ignorant of the fact that the Gaelic of Scotland was changed for no other purpose than to make it different from the Gaelic of Ireland, and thereby weaken or destroy the political unity and racial friendship that had so long existed between the Gaelic-speaking people of Ireland and Scotland. A common language is the strongest bond between men; while the Irish and Celtic Scotch spoke and wrote one language they remained friends; but so soon as the Celtic Scotch commenced to write grammars and dictionaries of a language that never had a real existence, and to falsify history, whilom friends were turned into enemies. That was just what was wanted by England, especially at a time when Jacobitism was rampant in Ireland and Scotland, and when there were four millions of Gaelic-speaking Jacobites in both countries.

Prof. MacKinnon's attempted proof of the antiquity of the present system of writing Scotch Gaelic is wholly without weight, and entirely unworthy of a supposed lettered man. The man in Kintail who wrote a manuscript two hundred years ago in a phonetic, or an attempted phonetic system of spelling, only did what uneducated people have been doing for thousands of years in every language. The Dean of Lismore, in Scotland, wrote a great deal of Gaelic in an attempted phonetic system of spelling four hundred years ago; he may not have been able to write in correct Gaelic, but from his position as a church dignitary, he must, in spite of his presumable ignorance of Gaelic, have been more or less of a learned man; but his phonetic Gaelic, so far from proving the correctness of the present system of writing Scotch Gaelic, does quite the contrary. The men like Carswel and others, who wrote books of religious instruction in Gaelic down to the year 1760, would never have written in a language that those for whose spiritual benefit they wrote, could not understand.

It is the language of such men as they, and not that of an obscure and probably ignorant Kintail peasant, thus any rational person would accept as a standard.

It is exceedingly painful for anyone who takes an interest in Gaelic to be obliged to say anything hard of anyone that loves it, or endeavors to spread it, even in its most corrupt and barbarous form. But the action of the Scotch in first wilfully distorting and corrupting their Gaelic, and then in refusing either to acknowledge the crime committed, or to take any steps to purify the language, is so unnatural and so monstrous that it makes those who really love the language sick at heart. What would the world say if the people who gloried in the language of Milton, Addison and Johnson were to attempt to replace it by the jargon of Yorkshire "chawbacons?" The Highland Scotch have not only done this, they have done worse; for they have introduced grammatical forms into their language that are pre historic, and of which no traces remain in the most ancient Gaelic manuscripts of Ireland or Scotland. They have, in a word, committed the only real linguistic crime in the history of languages. They have given Gaelic a blow from which it may never recover, and have made its early death, at least in Scotland, an almost absolute certainty.

The desire of every honest lover of Gaelic, whether he be Irish or Scotch, should be to bring the language back to the purity in which it was written by both Scotch and Irish down to the middle of the last century. Irish Gaelic has become corrupted of late, and in some things Scotch Gaelic is more pure than it. The preposition *re* or *ri* has disappeared from modern Irish, and *le* has been substituted for it; whereas the Scotch have retained it. But good writers of Irish are now bringing back the use of *re*, and doing their best to get rid of the many barbarisms and corruptions that have crept into the language during the present century; those corruptions in no way obscure the meaning of Irish; whereas the change that Scotch Gaelic has undergone in 150 years has made it absolutely another language.

It is to be hoped by every sincere lover of Gaelic, whether he be Scotch or Irish, that Prof. MacKinnon does *not* represent public opinion in Scotland on the Gaelic question; if he does, Scotch Gaelic must die soon and die ignominiously. The Irish have been guilty of a neglect and contempt for their language that makes every real Irishman blush scarlet with indignation and shame; but the Scotch, in mutilating it out of spite and hate for the Irish, have surpassed in baseness and madness anthing that history records in connection with literature or language.

The following translation of Prof. MacKinnon's letter to the Gaelic Society cannot be depended on as being absolutely correct. It was made by two men to whom the language of Carswel is as familiar as English; but so much does the Professor's language differ from Scotch Gaelic of even a hundred and fifty years ago, that the meaning of some passages in his letter had to be guessed at. If Scotch Gaelic goes on changing as it has changed since 1760, it may end by becoming Chinese. The full Gaelic text of Prof MacKinnon's letter is given underneath:

OILTHIGH DHUNEIDIN, An seathumh lathe de'n Fhaoillseach, 1892—*Uaislean Urramaich:* Is ann le mor-thoilntinn a thuair mi bhur failte chaidreil, agus an earail dhurachdach a thainig 'n a cois. Is ann leis gach deadh run a ni mi mo chiabhtil a chum bhur beathdan a chur fa chomhair Ghaidheal na h-Alba.

Cha'n'eil teagh na tir anns bidh e gu buannaibh do luchd-leughaidh na Gaidhlig nam b'ionann modh-agriobhaidh do Ghaidheil Eirean is Alba. Agus dh' fhaoidte gu'm biodh e comasach cuiseau a thoirt na's duilthe d'n cheile 'n a' cheum so na tha iad.

Cha b'urrainnear daoine ainmeasbhadh a's freagarraiche air aon gnothuich do'n t-seorsa a thoirt gu deadh bhuil na na h-uaislean foghlaimte a dh' ainmich sibhse. Bheir e toilinntinn duibh a chluinntinn gu bheil seanfhear 'n an rioghachd so, gad nach lig e dhombsa bhi 'g ainmeasbhadh aon seach aon, spoileasan Gaidhlig a tha lan-chomasach air a leithid so do shaothair a ghabhail os laimh.

Tha mi a' toirt fainear gu bheil sibh do'n bheachd gur h-ann fo chumhaichd luchd mi-ruin a dh' atharraich Gaidheil na h-Alba, o chionn seachd fichead bliadhna, am modh-agriobhaidh a bha gus an am sin gnath do luchd sgriobhaidh. Ceadaibh dhomh a radh nach 'eil sin fior bheagan. Tha a' chuis cho mi-chothach 'n nach b' ullear letsne deorbheadh laidir fhaotainn mu'n tagamaid creideas d'a leithid sin do bheachd.

Sgriobh Carswel a' Ghaidhlig mar a thuair e i. Ach bha Gaidheil an Albainn o linn Carswel agus roimhe a dhiult cuing nan seann sgoilearsan a bhitheas ann an sgriobhaidh na cainnte. Thaisg leabhar-laimhe so dha a nuas o na h-seann sgriobhaibh a dhearbhas gu'n robh e 'na chleachdadh aig cuid de dhaoine 'n an rioghachd so o na bhi sgriobhaidh na Gaidhlig mar a labhradh as alusgh i; agus tha seo diubh gu soarsichte a sgriobh fear Dounachadh MacRath an Ceanntaile 'n a' bhliadhna 1688, a lan-dhearbhas gu bheil caimt na sgire sin, am fuaim 's am faoi, gun lide atharrseachaidh o chionn da cheud bliadhna. Agus riamh o laithe Charswel bheir sibh fainear gu bheil gach leabhar Gaidhlig a chaidh a chlo-bhualadh 'n an rioghachd so o' thighinn na's diuthe 'n na's diuthe ri deigh-labhairt an t-sluaigh; ged a bha, 's a tha fathast, a' bheag no mhor de bhuaidh aig an t-seana chleasdhadh thairis orra.

Is gann a shaoilese mi gu'n bi Gaidheal na h-Alba ro uilamh gus an deigh fiadh 'n na cuiseau so a thoirt dheidhe. Cha b'ann gun aobhar a rinn iad an t-atharrseachadh; agus tha cuid 'nam measg a' rosarad nach do rinneadh an tuilleadh dheth. Ach ged a bhi sin air bith ann beachd mu'n t-seol a's freagarraiche air sgriobhadh na Gaidhlig, tha mi lan-earbeach gu'n aontaich iad leam ann a bhi toirt a h-uile urram d'ur n-eudse a thaobh seann chainnt nan Gaidheal; agus ann a bhi guidhe buaidh is piseach air ceann gach duine 'n gach comuinn air uachdar an t-saoghail, a tha deanamh an diehuil air eiu na Gaidhlig a sheasamh, 's a chur am fad 's am farsingeachd.

Is mi, le mor-spéis agus urram, bhur seirbhiseach dilcas,

DOMHNULL MACFHIONGHAIN.

Gu Mgr. J. S. O Colmain, Uachdaran,
K.T. MacChriosdeamhuil, Ionad-Uachdarain
F. Ceat, Run Chleireach.

[Translation.]

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, 6th of February, 1892.—*Honorable Gentlemen:* It was with great pleasure I received your friendly greeting, and the communication that came with it. I very willingly did my best to put your ideas before the Gaels of Scotland.

There is no doubt that it would be for the benefit of the readers of Gaelic if the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland wrote their Gaelic in the same way; and it might be that it would be possible to bring matters closer to each other than they are.

We cannot name people better suited to bring work of the kind to a good conclusion, than the learned gentlemen you have named. It will give them pleasure to hear that we have in this kingdom, although it is not for me to name one above another, Gaelic scholars who are fully capable to take such work in hand.

I observe that ye are of the opinion that it was thro' the influence of enemies that the Gaels of Scotland a hundred and forty years ago, changed their manner of writing (Gaelic) that was, up to that time, usual in books. Permit me to say that such is not our opinion. The thing is no impossible that it would be necessary for us to find strong proofs before we would believe such an assertion.

Carswel wrote Gaelic as he found it. But there have been Gaels in Scotland from the time of Carswel and before it, who refused to bear the yoke of the old (Gaelic) scholars in writing the language. A manuscript book or two, have come down from those times which prove that some of the people of this kingdom practised writing Gaelic as it used to be spoken by the people; and there is one of them especially that Duncan MacRath of Kintail wrote in the year 1688, which fully proves that the speech of that district has been without the slightest change in sound or in words, for two hundred years. And ever since the time of Carswel, bear in mind that every Gaelic book that is printed in this kingdom is coming closer and closer to the speech of the people; although the old practice had and has yet, more or less power over us.

I hardly think that the Gaels of Scotland will be very willing to forsake their own way in those matters. It was not without cause that they made the change; and some among them are complaining because greater change was not made (in writing Gaelic). But whatever may be their opinion about the best way of writing Gaelic, I am sure that they will join me in giving their entire approval of your care of the old tongue of the Gael, and in wishing success and prosperity for every person and society on the top of the earth that are doing their endeavor to establish the fame of Gaelic, and to spread it far and wide.

I am, with great respect and esteem, your loving servant, DONALL MACKINNON.

To Messrs. J. S. Coleman, President.
E. T. MacChrystal, Vice-President.
F. Kent, Secretary.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

QUEEN AND MOTHER.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

An emerald queen, from the ocean she rises in pride and in splendor,
Bereft of her birthright and crownless, but brave and invincible still;
For she wears o'er her snowy-white bosom the broad shield of hope to defend her,
While a fern-leaf starts from each mountain, and the heather wild on each hill!

The billows have revelled in foam-drifts around her adown through the ages,
Drowning her heart-cries for justice, and flaunting their rage in her face;
Yet, begirt by her chieftains and clansmen, her bards and her scholars and sages,
She smiled on the merciless tempests with the soul of her chivalrous race.

Green valleys were stained with her life-blood, her mountains grew purple and gory
In her struggle for home and for altar, for nationhood, freedom, and right;
Yet the dead at her feet, bruised and martyred, were her passionate pride and her glory,
For they died in the battle to save her—defying the satraps of might!

Oh, the dust in their graves are the spring seed that, sown in the depths of her bosom,
Baptized in the blood of her heroes, bedewed by their fervor and faith,
Will smile to God's sunlight in summer, will burst into fruit, and will blossom—
Thus reaping a harvest of triumph from the desert of doom and of death.

And so while the wide world over she has hearts and brave hands to defend her,
While the green grasses grow in her valleys, and the heather shoots up from each hill,
She will still be our queen and our mother, as she rises in pride and in splendor
From the foam-drifts and wastes of the ocean, unchained and invincible still!

IRISH NEWS.

Again the old, sad story is told in the Irish agricultural statistics addressed to Lawrence Earl of Zetland, and just issued as a parliamentary blue book. The decrease in cereal crops goes on. Last year there was a decrease of 11 471 acres in the wheat area, 5,617 in oats, 4,093 in barley, 1,130 rye, and 26 in bere. The returns as to green crops give the same story. There were 27,469 acres less under potatoes than in 1890, but an increase of 4,940 acres in turnips, and of 5,300 acres in mangel wurzel. Food for cattle not for men. Even the staple trade of "prosperous" Ulster is heavily on the decline. There were 22,231 acres less used for the cultivation of flax last year as compared with 1890

At a recent meeting of the Irish Industries Association held in Dublin in regard to the Columbian Exposition, it was decided to issue a circular appealing for subscriptions in Ireland to supplement the amount already guaranteed by the American committees, and a very promising beginning was made with this list among the members present at the meeting. It was also proposed and unanimously adopted, that a circular announcing the proposed exhibition should be at once set out to the various cottage and other small industries, directing special attention to the conditions under which the goods would be accepted for exhibition. The committee also decided to pay for all goods ordered and exhibited by them, so that the exhibits may be entirely free of all cost to the poor workers.

On Tuesday night week about 8 o'clock p. m., a man named Michael Wogan, of Cartown, was proceeding home, driving his horse and cart, and when he came to Newfoundwell he was stopped by a gang of ruffians who pulled him off the cart and rifled his pockets of two watches, a deposit receipt for £13, and 6s 6d in silver and pence.

A man named Gibbons, residing near Ballyvary, Castlebar, who was to be the principal witness in an assault case at Mayo Assizes, at Castlebar, proceeded to an adjacent field and deliberately cut his throat with a razor. He inflicted terrible wounds, and expired shortly after.

A young man named Richard Walsh, met with a terrible death at Perry's sawmills, Dublin. He was employed to clear away sawdust out of a pit through which ran the main shaft of the powerful machinery used in the factory; and shortly before the accident occurred he assisted the machinist, to put right a small belt which had got out of its place in the machine room above the pit. He then returned to the pit, where he was in some unaccountable way caught by the revolving shaft and whirled around with it at the rate of 210 revolutions per minute. Under the shaft there is a large block of stone which is used for supporting uprights, and each time the shaft revolved Walsh's body struck against the stone with the result that it was battered and mangled to pieces.

The following returns show that emigration has sadly thinned the homes of Tipperary. Following the returns for Clare, Kerry and Cork, we now have received the census of the premier county. The number of persons in the county of Tipperary according to the census, was: in 1841, 435,553; in 1851, 331,567; in 1861, 249,106; in 1871, 216,713; in 1881, 199,613; and according to the recent census, 173,188 (86,807 males and 86 381 females), or 13 2 per cent less than in 1881. The number of distinct families in the county at the time of the late enumeration was 83,140, the average number of persons in a family being thus 5,1; and the number of inhabited houses was 32 019 showing an average of 5 2 persons to each house. In 1881, 21 7 per cent of the inhabitants aged 5 years and upwards were illiterate (20 0 per cent of the males and 23 4 of the females). and in 1891, the per centage was but 15 1 (14 1 of the males and 16 1 of the females). The number of emigrants from the county during the ten years ending March 31 1891, amounted to 32 962, 17,087 males and 15,725 females; the number for the decade ending March 31, 1881, was 26,465, for that ending March 31, 1871, 47 269, and for that ending with March, 1861, 81 068, making a total of 167,564 for forty years. The number of births registered during the ten years ending March 31, 1891, was 40 328, and the number of deaths 32 951. A natural increase of 7,371 would appear to have taken place in the population; but the emigrants, during the same period, having amounted to 32,762, the net result shown by this method of calculation is a decrease of 25 385.

The vice-chairman of the Mountmellick board of guardians says that the Christian Brothers will get their proportion of the government grant in aid of free education in Ireland, and that this has been estimated at £290,000.

The Nationalists of Celbridge are bestirring themselves in the work of reorganizing their forces. An important meeting was held on Thursday week, at which the local branch of the Irish National League, which has been in abeyance since 1888, was reorganized on a firm basis. The enthusiasm which characterized the proceedings augurs well for the future of the branch.

The death is announced of Mrs. Thomas Burke, of Mountbellew, at the age of 33 years. Interment took place at Mountbellew, the family burial ground. The town showed its respect for deceased, by having all business houses closed and deep signs of mourning everywhere during the two days, while the funeral was the largest and most respectable seen in Mountbellew for years, showing the estimation in which he, as well as the whole family, had been held.

One of the most prosperous towns north of the Boyne is Newry. It is going ahead by leaps and bounds. At a recent meeting of its town commissioners Mr. Mashood's tender for the erection of the new town hall at a sum of £7,177, was accepted.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock on the morning of March 16, a fire broke out in the house of Mr. David Dickson, grain merchant, Frederick street, Newtownards. The fire, it is believed, occurred in a room off the parlor, in which there were stored a number of antiquarian relics, consisting of sword bayonets and pike heads, which had been used in the rebellion of 1798. Among other things destroyed was a valuable painting of Napper Tandy.

At the Rathdowney Petty Sessions a man named Crozier was fined £5 under the Illicit Distillery act for having a "worm" in his possession, and allowing it to be taken away without the sanction of the excise officer of the district. It appeared from the evidence that the "worm" was made for some other person whom Crozier declined to name, stating that "under no circumstances would he become an informer.

Among the tributes of affectionate remembrance placed upon Mr. Parnell's grave St. Patrick's week was a large cross composed of shamrocks plucked from the historic ground where the French expedition of '98 first landed on the coast of Mayo. The cross was sent by "A Ballina girl for the dead chief's grave." It was laid upon the grave by J. P. Quinn, to whom also was sent another similar cross by the same patriotic young lady for the grave of P. W. Nally.

The census returns for the county and city of Limerick tell a similar story to that of Cork and Clare, and Tipperary. The number of persons in the county and city of Limerick was: in 1841, 330 029; in 1851, 263,123; in 1861, 217,317; in 1871, 191,936; in 1881, 180,639; and according to the recent census, 158 913 (78 607 males 80 306 females), or 12 0 per cent less than in 1881. The number of distinct families in the county and city at the time of the late enumeration was 29,904, the average number of persons in a family being thus 5 1. In 1881 24 0 per cent of the inhabitants aged 5 years and upwards were illiterate, and in 1891 the per centage was but 16 3. The number of births registered in the county and city during the 10 years was 39,166. The deaths registered during the decennium amounted to 31 910. The number of emigrants from the county and city during the 10 years ending March 31 1891, amounted to 33 061 (17,013 males and 16 968 females); the number for the decade ending March 31 1881, was 22,182; for that ending March 31, 1871, 46 339; and for that ending with March, 1861, 63,183, making a total of 163,625 for the 40 years. The number of births registered during the 10 years ending March 31, 1891, being 39,166, and the number of deaths 31,910; a natural increase of 7,256 would appear to have taken place in the population; but the emigrants during the same period having amounted to 33,061, the net result shown by this method of calculation is a decrease of 25,835.

WHAT $16 WILL DO.

It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie Lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going east, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country west, it will pay you to write to, or to call on F. W. Buskirk, the assistant general passenger agent of the Erie, whose office is 503 Phenix Building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

THE SONGS OF IRELAND.

A Fine Collection by an Irish Singer.

The John Church Publishing Co., of Cincinnati, will shortly issue a volume of Irish patriotic and military songs, edited by the well known Irish singer, Mr. M. J. Murphy. It is entitled "The National Songs of Ireland," and contains the cream of all the Irish patriotic and military songs, words and music, and arranged for a piano accompaniment. Some of the songs are in print for the first time, and will be valuable for their rarity. All the old-time favorites are in it, and those grand, soul-stirring old songs, "The Sword," "Clare's Dragoon," "Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill," "The Croppy Boy," "The Patriot Mother," "O'Donnell Aboo," "The Lament for Sarsfield," "The Blackbird" and the "Irish Rapparees" follow each other in rapid succession. In fact, it is a veritable casket of gems. The editor, Mr. Murphy, is well known in Irish National circles as a gentleman of high ideals and great musical erudition. His collection of Irish music is one of the largest in the world, and it is from this vast musical treasury he has drawn the fine old airs that are contained in this book. Considerable interest is attached to the work, as it is the first really good collection of Irish patriotic airs ever published, and supplies a want that has been severely felt. "The National Songs of Ireland" will be octavo in size and printed on fine paper from engraved plates. So as to place the work within everybody's reach, the retail price has been fixed at one dollar. There is no doubt that Mr. Murphy's book will receive a genuine "Cead Mile Failthe," on its appearance, for it is a work that will do credit to Irish musical literature.

A Lucky Escape.

Fortunate is the man or woman residing in a malaria-ridden locality who escapes the dreaded scourge. Not one in a thousand does. When the endemic is a periodical and wide spread visitation, it is just as common to see whole communities suffering from it as single individuals. The most vigorous constitution is not proof against it—how much less a system feeble or disordered. As a means of protection against malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the supreme medicinal agent. It will uproot any form of malarial disease implanted in the system, and even in regions where miasmatic complaints are most malignant and deadly, such as the Isthmus of Panama, Guatemala and the tropics generally, it is justly regarded as an efficient safeguard. No less efficacious is it as a curative and preventive of chronic indigestion, liver trouble, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaints and la grippe.

Havlin's Theatre.

Manager Havlin is pleased to inform the patrons of his theatre that "The Pay Train" will be the attraction there during the week of April 10. "The Pay Train," as the title indicates, is a play dealing with railway incidents, and it is conceded to be the best of all railway pieces. It is sensational in tone and is strong in startling and realistic features. The company is excellent and the scenic effects superb.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Brennan's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Picnic Grounds.

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The most beautiful picnic grounds, within easy distance of Chicago, fitted out with all the conveniences necessary to make a day's outing enjoyable, are situated on the Wisconsin Central lines, among which are Schiller Park, Clybourn Park and Diamond Lake Park. The superior facilities afforded by the "Central" for handling this business needs no introduction. Its advantages have been fully established. Lodges, clubs, societies, associations, churches, etc., contemplating an outing during the coming summer, will find it to their interest, before making final preparations, to call on James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Room 212, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue, who will take pleasure in furnishing all information. Committees desiring to inspect grounds will be provided with necessary transportation.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 8:10p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 8:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

The Rev. P. J. Sheehan, P. P., Cahir, died after a short illness, in Dublin, whither he had been summoned on legal business connected with the parish. Born about forty-five years ago at Carrick-on-Suir, Father Sheehan was ordained in 1871, after which he was appointed to the Manchester Mission, where he remained six years. In 1876 he was removed to his native diocese of Waterford and Lismore, and was administrator of Trinity Within for five years. A little over twelve months since, on the death of the Rev. M. Mooney, P. P., the Most Rev. Dr. Egan appointed Father Sheehan to the pastoral charge of Cahir. To the many who knew Father Sheehan the news of his death will cause general sorrow.

What a debt of gratitude the world owes to such men as Drs. Ayer and Jenne—the latter for the great discovery of vaccination, and the former for his Extract of Sarsaparilla—the best of blood purifiers! Who can estimate how much these discoveries have benefited the race!

At a meeting held in the Laborer's hall, France street, Dublin, in support of Parnellite candidates for seats at the board of the South Dublin Union, while Mr. Clancy, M. P., was speaking, the floor collapsed, and nearly 150 persons were precipitated into a cellar beneath. Many persons were injured, some seriously.

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ESTATE OF JOHN CAHILL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Cahill, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1892, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 4, 1892.

DANIEL O'SHEA, Administrator.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

THE ROAD AGENT.

The pull is up hill for almost three miles along here, and the horses plod along slowly. The dust is just as deep, but now, instead of blowing off to leeward, as it did awhile ago, it hangs close around the stage in a thick, dense, reddish yellow cloud, almost shutting off the view from the passengers inside, if they cared to look out. But the beauties of nature hold their interest only slightly just at present. The dust occupies their attention to a large extent. It fills their mouths and eyes and nostrils, and clings to their hair and ears in much profusion. It is disagreeable—very; and the man who has enough spirits left to try and keep up the conversation is voted an ass by his fellow passengers. They were all very friendly only a short time ago, but they hate each other with a bitter hatred just now—all on account of the dust. Dust is a great destroyer of good humor.

Back there a mile or so the sun shines brightly on the canyon road, making it look like a long yellow ribbon, but just ahead the shadow of the mountain on the west, which seems to close the upper end of the pass, cuts the light off in an odd, abrupt way, and presently we shall be in comparative darkness, for the edge of the heavy timber is only a little distance before us.

Somehow the dust doesn't rise very high, or else the driver and the passenger on the box don't mind it, for we can hear them talking. Old Ben, through some unseen but easily imagined influence, has relaxed from his usual taciturnity and is quite communicative to the beardless, boyish looking young chap who got on back at Alpena and is sharing the box with him.

As the stage reaches the level, and rolls into the shadows of the mountain and the tall pines, Ben points with the whip to the mouth of the narrow pass leading out of the canyon a quarter of a mile away and remarks:

"See them two big rocks?—road runs b'tween 'em. Uh-huh. Wal, right thar—mebbe a couple rods 'r so fu'ther on—was whar I was helt up one day in th' summer of '76."

"Yes?" said the passenger's pleasant voice interrogatively. "Would you mind telling me about it?"

Ben chirped to his horses, spat impressively and liberally, and began:

"Wal, 'twuz this a-way. That mornin th' 'xpress box was loaded plumb full o' hard stuff, th't hed t' go through that day. Now, jes'z luck'd hev' it, one o' the gyards—we hed gyards them days—turned up missin 'bout th' time we was ready t' start fr'm Eldorado in th' mornin. Berry McNeill, th' other gyard, goes arter 'im, an fin's Mr. Man laid up with a gash in th' head fr'm a beer bottle—be'n scrappin night b'fore.

"Th' agent an me was thinkin pow'ful 'bout who we c'd git t' take Hauser's place of he was sick, w'en hyar comes Mac, whistlin.

"'Say, fellers,' says he, 'Hauser got plunked with a bottle las' night, an is layin on his downy couch with a headache. Reckon I c'n go in b' my lonesome; I got Hauser's sawed off gun.'

"We both kicked a whole lot, but Mac, he'd made up his min an was boun t' hev his own way; b'sides, we didn't hev no one right handy t' go 'long, so we hed t' give in, an Mac, whistlin one o' his everlastin toons, piles up on th' box an we pulls out. They wa'n't no passengers.

"Wal, we kep our peepers skun right sharp, but ev'rythin went lovely till jes' long 'bout hyar. Then Mac says, 'Ben, I b'lieve they's some cusses layin fer us up b' them rocks—I think I seen a feller's head, jes' now.' Says I: 'Mac, y're full o' hop. I seen it, too, an 'twa'n't nothin but a hawk crossin the road.'

"I stirred up the critters a bit, howsomever, but jes'z we turned th' rocks somebody jumps out fr'm both sides an nails th' leaders, an they was so many guns starin intuh my face th't it made me ashamed o' myself. Mac cut loose wi' th' sawed off shotgun an then begun wi' th' Winchister, gittin two fellers an skinnin up some more—but they was too dern many of 'em, an they c'd shoot, too, so Mac he never got no chance t' pump that gun dry. He oughtn't t' hev shot, nohow, but he allus was a nervy cuss—nore nerve 'n sense. I usetuh say, 'Mac' "——

Half a dozen dusky forms leap from the roadside—the big cowboy who got aboard early in the afternoon, and has been dozing and swearing in a sleepy way about the dust, is suddenly wide awake, and we, on the inside, get a good look at the muzzles of his two big revolvers—we hear Ben ejaculate, "Wal, this do beat hell!" and then we are invited to get down into the road, where the pleasant faced, boyish looking young man, who got on back at Alpena, proceeds to business, and politely, courteously, but firmly withal, relieves us of our spare change—and more too.

* * * * * *

That is my part of the story. Of course there were quite a number of other people present, including the youthful highwayman and his capable assistants, and they, also, have a claim on the above narrative. I did not mean that I owned it; what I t ied to say was that this is the only one of the events from which come this veracious tale that I took part in, and I think it has been shown that my part was entirely a passive one. Perhaps we had better call that portion of the story the gentlemanly road agent's, because he got about everything else there was to get. The rest is Hallegan's.

Hallegan and I were traveling together, and it was his foresight—or rather an odd notion of his—that enabled us to resume our journey to Denver after the road agent incident. This odd notion was in the form of a thin chamois insole which he wore in his left boot, and which, in addition to a card giving directions for the disposition of his body in case he should suddenly be called hence while among strangers, contained a fifty dollar bill. It was an ordinary fifty dollar bill, but when Terence flashed it before my dazzled eyes in the hotel at Merrill that night I was quite sure that it was larger and more valuable than the opinions of a New England hired man. It took us to Leadville, anyway, and that was all we could reasonably desire:

But for the rest of the story:

It was about two years after the road agent affair, in which we lost almost everything but our good names and the clothing we wore, when one day I was thunderstruck to receive Hallegan's wedding cards. It was the first time I had heard from him for a year, and had any one else told me Terence Hallegan was a marrying man I should have derided him, but when Terence himself, in his own peculiar chirography, directed to me an envelope containing such startling news, all set forth in the highest style of the engraver's art—well, it was too much, and I went down into the camp, where surcease of sorrow was obtainable in quantities to suit the purchaser, and where there was a full score of Terence's friends and acquaintances to toast his memory and console with each other. And grief was our lot until the day Jewett "struck it" in that hole he had been pegging away at over on the other side of the gulch, and excitement reigned supreme.

In the midst of the confusion, telegrams came and went, flying—brought and sent by special courier to and from the office at Sunrise, nine miles away; and one day came one for him who sits here burning the nocturnal kerosene. It was from Hallegan, who was now living in Chicago, and summoned me to hasten to that city, where I was needed to assist in a transaction involving the sale of some mining property in which Terence and I were interested.

Terence met me at the station. He looked remarkably well, even for a person whose health and spirits had always been of the very best, and I told him so, adding that in deponent's opinion he must have drawn a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He smiled happily, and took my arm to walk outside the train inclosure as he said:

"That I did—that I did, me boy; just wait till you see her, and you'll be sure of it."

He called a cab, gave the driver some brief instructions, and leaped in after me. We rode several minutes in silence; then Hallegan turned to me in a rather embarrassed way, and said, in a strained tone:

"Billy, me boy—it's very near dinner time at our house—and there's no time for—explanations. Only—if you think you've seen—my wife—if her face is familiar—please don't mention it, or act as though you noticed it. I'll explain after dinner."

I acquiesced wonderingly, and wondered yet more after I had met Mrs. Hallegan, for I was quite positive that I had never seen her before, and there was ample opportunity during the course of the excellent dinner we presently sat down to, to study her. She was slightly above the medium height, and of a perfect, though rather slight figure. Her hair and eyes were dark, setting off excellently her clear olive complexion, and her features were all that an artist could desire. She was hardly what one would call a beautiful woman, however. "Handsome" would be the better word—or, perhaps, "striking." There was something about the firm set of her mouth when not speaking, and the strong, rather masculine chin—in which, oddly enough, there was a charmingly feminine dimple—that caused this effect, I think. One would never have taken Mrs. Hallegan for the daughter of the little, white haired, sweet faced old lady who sat opposite me, and whom she addressed as "mother."

No, I had never seen her up to half an hour ago, so I gave up studying her and fell to wondering what Hallegan was going to "explain."

Dinner over, the ladies rose to leave us, smiling over the broad hint Terence had just thrown out concerning a desire to smoke. As they reached the door Mrs. Hallegan turned and bowed mockingly to her husband, whose hand was just reaching for the bell. "I hope, Sir Terence, that the cigars may prove dry company." Then, with a bright smile, she vanished.

I flopped into my chair breathlessly. Where had I seen that mocking bow? Then suddenly there came before me that little scene in the mountains two years since—the dust, the heat, the sleepy cowboy inside the coach, the dapper little chap who so politely took our money and watches. He bowed just that way when he finished his work and departed. "Her brother," I thought—"black sheep, blot on family escutcheon. How much they resemble"——

"Well, me boy?"

Hallegan was looking at me quizzically through the smoke, we having lighted our cigars meanwhile. I suppose I looked embarrassed. Of course it was all rot. The idea of there being any connection, however remote, between the stately creature who had just left us and the little rascal who engineered that holdup!

Hallegan spoke:

"Billy, me boy, I won't make a short story any longer than is necessary. You remember the little fellow who held us up two years ago?"

"Of course I do."

"Yes, very likely. Well, I fancy I'd better begin at the beginning.

"Three years ago a young fellow named Wilson, who had been employed as cashier by the L. and A. Stage and Express company, got into trouble over his accounts. The manager, Robinson, charged him with a shortage amounting to several thousand dollars. There was an investigation, and on the strength of certain circumstantial evidence which need not be stated, as it is immaterial, backed by the testimony of Robinson, the manager; Tweedy, the superintendent, and Frank Robinson, son of the manager—who, by the way, had always been Wilson's bosom friend—the cashier was convicted on trial and sentenced to a long term at Canyon City. Strange to say, he offered no testimony and made no defense except his plea of 'not guilty.'

"Well, it killed him. Inside of a year the worry and disgrace, along with the hard work and close confinement—he had never been very strong—had wasted him to a shadow, and when at last he knew he couldn't live very long he sent for his mother and sisters to come to him.

"His mother was too ill herself to travel, and one of the sisters—a cripple—was obliged to remain with her, but the elder sister went.

"She found him dying—dying in prison. It was the first she had known of his trouble and, naturally, she was terribly shocked.

"He told her the true history of the affair—that young Robinson, between whom and himself had existed a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship, was the guilty one; and how, when some of the stockholders got wind of the shortage, the two Robinsons and Tweedy, who was a brother-in-law of old Robinson, had conspired to shield the guilty man by sacrificing an innocent one, who would not defend himself. The confession made by the dying man was not altogether a voluntary one. His sister, who had known nothing except that he was innocent, caught a hint of the truth from him when he was raving in delirium—the rest she made him tell her.

"After young Wilson's death, his sister went quietly to work to see what could be done to prove her brother's innocence and to place the guilt were it belonged, but soon found that nothing could be proved. The Robinsons were too strong for her.

"About this time Mrs. Wilson and her younger daughter were obliged to go south on account of ill health, leaving the elder daughter, who was studying medicine, here in Chicago. Not long after this the holdups on the different lines of the L. and A. began. For the first few times there was only one road agent—a little chap, but a nervy one, who got talked about by the papers a good deal; but pretty soon there were others, until a band of about eight or nine had organized under the little fellow's leadership, and they made life a burden to the L. and A. people.

"It made no difference what precautions the company took or how many guards it employed; the road agents were too smart, and the boldest kind of holdups were successfully made—and, by Jove! it 'busted' the company's business. The L. and A. wasn't a heavy concern, of course, but had always made a good deal of money. The frequent holdups on its lines, though, proved a settler. It wasn't long before nobody would ship or travel over any of the L. and A. company's lines unless actually obliged to, and the company was kept pretty busy settling the losses of its customers. Then came the crash, and somehow people began to suspect that the Robinsons had not run things as they should have been handled, and the stockholders investigated. Old Robinson died in disgrace shortly afterward. The young man took all he could lay his hands on and skipped, but was caught at Sante Fe. He's where he should be—at Canyon City. Tweedy got off on a technicality.

"About seven or eight months after we were held up a stageful of fellows including myself, were stopped and relieved one afternoon about ten miles from Milliken, on the old Muleshoe trail. The young fellow was one of the robbers—I knew him in spite of his mask. There were only four of the road agents on this occasion.

"They pulled out, leaving us orders not to touch our arms (which they had stacked on the ground) for twenty minutes, under penalty of getting shot. But one of our party was a devil-may-care chap, and no sooner were the bandits gone than he walked right over to the pile of guns and picked his out, remarking that he 'didn't believe there were any road agents around just then.' And there weren't.

"Well, the result of this fellow's foolhardiness was that we concluded it would be money in our pockets to get on the trail of those four road agents, so we started after them, separating a little distance from each other. We followed them all the afternoon, but couldn't find a trace.

"You know how the old Muleshoe trail is? Well, the driver had gone on, agreeing to meet us on the other side of the shoe—it is only three or four miles across.

"I was just about making up my mind to join the other fellows, and had stopped to think of the best way to cross the creek, when I heard a queer sound, like a woman sobbing. I looked cautiously around, and there, within two rods of me, was the young road agent, crying as if his heart would break. There was nobody else there, it was plain to be seen, so I quietly sneaked up and requested him to throw up his hands.

"Did you ever hear a woman scream at the sight of a mouse? That's just the way this young fellow screamed when he saw the muzzle of my gun—and I, as soon as I saw the scared, tearful face turned to mine, knew as well as I know now that the famous bandit known as Foxey was only a woman.

"She seemed to trust me, somehow, and pretty soon I had the whole story from her. Then I sat down and talked to her like a brother; and the result was that next day the road agents missed their leader, and inside of a fortnight Miss Jean Wilson was back here in Chicago at her studies again.

"I need not say that this gentle bandit, who ruined the business of the L. and A. company, took not one cent of the proceeds, and never permitted any of the band to interfere with Uncle Sam's mail. The latter fact accounts in a measure for their success, for Uncle Sam is a bad man to interfere with. The former fact, I think, had to do to some extent with the strong hold which Foxey had over his subordinates, although they must have had a good deal of faith in his demonstrated ability as an executive. The band was broken up not long after Foxey's disappearance and three of the men were caught, but they didn't know any more concerning their mysterious ex-chief than did the public at large."

"And—and Miss Wilson is"——

Hallegan's eyes twinkled: "Is waiting for us. Let us join her," he said.—R. L. Ketchum in Argonaut.

THE REAL LOBBYIST.

THE WOMEN ARE NUISANCES JUST THE SAME AS THE MEN ARE.

There Has Been a Great Deal of Romance Circulated About the Lobbyists, and It Is Time That the Truth Was Known. The Real Thing Is Very Disappointing.

"Show me a lobbyist" was the request of a friend who was walking through the Capitol with the writer. This visitor was a reader of the newspapers, a man of intelligence, and a believer in most of the interesting stories he had read about the number, ingenuity, boldness, skill and usefulness of the body of lobbyists that is supposed to be almost a necessary part of the legislative machinery.

I showed my visitor a lobbyist. He was one of the best known of the lot about the Capitol. He was leaning back against the corridor wall, opposite the entrance of the house of representatives, with his hands thrust into the pockets of a pair of trousers that were so raveled about the heels that they might be said to wear whiskers without provoking the remonstrances of the most thorough detester of slang.

If this man had an overcoat it was hung up somewhere, but the dusty condition of his rather thin frock coat, which carried the polish on its back that ought to have been on his very disreputable looking shoes, justified the conclusion that he was not finding an overcoat necessary this winter. He was a spare man, with a gaunt face, crossed by a white mustache stained at the ends with tobacco juice. His shirt was not clean, and he showed a good deal of it, but he wore a white tie, which only added emphasis to his otherwise forbidding lack of neatness. When he moved away from his place against the wall to meet a member of congress who had come out of the chamber upon the call of one of the doorkeepers to see him, his gait was a slouching one, and he might have been mistaken for any other loafer about the hall if he had not been so much more repulsive than the others.

My friend was disappointed. He could not understand when I told him that this man was one of the best of the lot of lobbyists about the Capitol, that he had been a member of congress, that he was, therefore, entitled to the privilege of the floor, and that the house of representatives has never yet had the sense to makes its rules so strong as to keep out this man and several others just like him who are well known to be nothing more than strikers and lobbyists who linger here to pick up odd jobs to help them hang on to a miserable existence. They do not, one ought to be thankful, thrive as they are popularly supposed to do. If the public knew what a mistake the professional lobbyist is they would be driven to sawing wood or working on the railroads, or into doing some other useful and laborious business.

Then I showed my friend another lobbyist. This was a thin, sliding fellow, with a gray close beard, who toed in as he walked quickly along the passage, and who glanced furtively about as he went, as if watching to pounce down upon some one. This man was not an ex-member of congress; but he had been an employee of the house many years ago, and had been caught taking money to enable a corporation to reach, through the door of which he had charge, the men who were to be purchased to get through a subsidy bill. He was dismissed, and he at once went into the service of the corporation that had led to his disgrace.

He is in that employment still, and he associates with a great many senators and representatives who do not know, or have forgotten that others know, his odious history. He is an errand runner and a sneaking watcher of members who are to be encouraged to vote this way or the other on bills to be reported or killed. He would buy a member without hesitation if it were safe to buy him, but he is cautious. He finds out his venal man before taking any risks. He is not ingenious, nor is he bold. He follows the instructions of the corporations that keep him here, and he gets off in the course of the year very well indeed if he does not get kicked out of a gentleman's house more than half a dozen times.

The female lobbyist is, generally speaking, a myth. The women who come to the Capitol as promoters of the bills for pensions or for claims, come on their own account, and the only skill they exhibit is that which consists in so persistently bothering the members who have introduced their bills for them that they undertake to have them passed in order to get rid of terrible afflictions. The marvelous woman of charming manners that cannot be resisted is to be found only in the syndicate stories. The women who undertake to promote legislation are, almost without exception, bunglers and failures. Few women know enough about the ways of legislation or the ways of the legislators to qualify them to undertake lobby work or to approach members to direct their actions, except by the most vulgar species of blackmail made possible by contributory immorality.

Generally speaking, the lobbyist is a fraud and an unnecessary nuisance. He exists mainly because most people do not know anything about the methods of legislation, and because nearly everybody interested in a bill not public believes that the lobbyist is a creature who can tide over difficulties and remove them. As a rule the employment of one of the throng of disreputable lobbyists, and most of them are disreputable on their faces, is prejudicial to the legislation they are employed to promote. They thrive on account of the general ignorance about the legislative methods of procedure.—Washingson Cor. Providence Journal.

Breakers Ahead.

"Yes, I shall embark on the sea of matrimony myself before long."

"Then you'll soon be a-marryin her, won't you?"—Kate Field's Washington.

Variations in Climate.

In the capricious climates of our temperate latitudes a just determination and comparison form a baffling task. Observations, more or less systematic, with instruments, have been made of climatological features for about 100 years, but on a general co-operative plan they have been carried on imperfectly for less than a third of that time, or about the period within which some observers suppose a round of meteorological changes is accomplished for a single locality. Popular opinions are founded most largely on haphazard recollections of vague impressions that cannot be depended upon; and even if we had accurate records in place of these they could not be used to determine the trend of climate on account of the short time they cover.

It has happened more than once during that time that a series of seasons of a peculiarly marked character has been followed abruptly by a series of opposite character, nullifying the conclusions that may have been taking shape from the former series. The speculations concerning a decrease of rainfall in the United States in consequence of the removal of the forests have been disturbed by the recent prevalence in part of the disforested area of a succession of seasons of heavy and continuous rains.—W. H. Larrabee in Popular Science Monthly.

How the Drumfish Drums.

At a meeting of the Berlin Physiological society Professor Moebius described a most peculiar specimen of the finny tribe—Baliste aculeatus—the drumfish. They are found only in the waters of the harbor of Mauritics, and when caught and held in the hand they emit a most "striking" noise—a sound resembling that produced by tapping the head of a tenor drum. A careful examination of this strange creature fails to reveal any movement of the mouth, the only motion observable being just behind the gill slit, where a continuous vibration of the skin may be seen. The portion of the skin which vibrates stretches from the clavicle to the bronchial arch. This is provided with four large bony plates and lies just over the air or "swim bladder."

Behind the clavicle is a curiously shaped long bone, which is attached by the middle to the clavic muscle in such a manner as to form a lever with two arms. The long arm of this horny lever is imbedded in the ventral trunk muscles and is capable of easy movement to and fro. The short arm slides during this movement over the rough inner side of the clavicle, which gives rise to a cracking noise which can be plainly heard at a distance of twenty feet.—St. Louis Republic.

Preaching Over Old Sermons.

The scandal arising from bought sermons, which unfortunatly are often sold in duplicate and even triplicate, has caused at least one bishop henceforth to forbid their use in his diocese. He has no objection to his clergy preaching the sermons of other divines if the authorship is acknowledged, and even considers that an original discourse once a week is as much as can be reasonably expected from the average curate; but there must be no duplicity in the matter. There has always been a danger in the purchased sermon.

Recognition of the borrowed work, if from a well known source, is also always possible, or nearly always. A Welsh curate confessed to the following ingenious plan for evading it, which must, however, have given him a great deal of trouble: "I've got a volume of sermons by one Tillotson, and a very good book it is; so I translate them into Welsh and then back again into English, after which Tillotson himself would not know them again."—Illustrated London News.

Exercise in the Open Air.

"A man should take exercise in the open air if possible," said he enthusiastically, "but some kind of violent exercise just before going to bed. There is no medicine that will do him as much good or put him to sleep quicker. When I was a boy I smoked a great deal, and finally became so nervous at twenty-one that I couldn't keep the covers on my bed at night. The doctors told me to quit cigars and take exercise. I followed their advice. I never go to bed now without taking a handspring or two and swinging the clubs, and I sleep like a top."

This man is a reporter on a New York daily paper, and his suggestion cuts a new artery for gentlemen of that sedentary occupation.—New York Herald.

Pavements of Jerusalem.

The principal pavements made in Palestine are in Jerusalem, and it is only within recent years they have been constructed in accordance with anything like modern requirements. The superior and massive Roman pavements, over 2,000 years old and still in fair preservation, are here not taken into consideration. The material for streets is stone, cut about the size and shape of ordinary bricks or a little larger. This is laid in sand, the long and narrow side up. The stone used is the well known Jerusalem marble. The cost varies from one to two dollars per square yard. The foundation is almost invariably the rubbish of the ancient city, which has accumulated during centuries.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Can't Always Depend on What You See.

While it is very reasonable to trust the verdict of our consciousness, yet it is equally desirable that this confidence should be accompanied by an understanding of the conditions under which the evidence is presumably valid and when likely to mislead. Sense deception, faulty observation, exaggeration, neglect, fallacy, illusion and error abound on all sides and emphasize the need of a calm judgment, a well equipped intellect, a freedom from haste and prejudice, an appreciation of details and nice distinctions, in the determination of truth and the maintenance of mental health.—Professor Joseph Jastrow in Popular Science Monthly.

ROSAMOND.

In her moire see her sit—
Gown of antique sheen,
Great blurred roses over it
Sunk in mossy green.

A rose her dainty corsage holds,
A rose within her hair,
And as she stirs her silken folds
A rose scent in the air.

O'er her antique, rose blurred gown
See her fingers flit,
While I envy, looking down,
Every rose of it.

I would I were a silken thread,
That they might weave of me,
Upon an antique moire bed,
A goodly rose to see.

Would I were a rose, art born,
Sunk in a fern green frond,
That, 'mong the rest, I might adorn
A gown for Rosamond.

Nay, would I were a living rose—
She'd be more soft and fond—
That I might kiss her bosom close,
Then die for Rosamond.
—Lulah Ragsdale in Detroit Free Press.

DRAFTY ENGLISH HOUSES.

In England Homes Are Devoid of Modern Comforts or Conveniences.

The average dwelling house in any class—upper, middle or lower—built within a year is constructed almost precisely on the lines in vogue at the beginning of the century. In England there has been in ninety years no such advance in domestic architecture, with regard to both convenience and style, as we have noted in the United States in the last decade. The Englishman may explain this by alleging that he built better in 1800 than we did in 1892. In this he will not be altogether wrong, but he will be supported by fewer facts than he imagines.

The British carpenter has not yet mastered the art of making a window. There is always a gale blowing in around the sashes during the winter, whether the outside air be calm or raging. The more heat you get in a room—and by lamps and gas you can contrive to raise the temperature—the greater is the rush of cold air from without. It forces its way around the window sashes and the doors in obedience to a natural law.

An English house is drafty, whether it be the dwelling of a peer or a peasant. The doors are hung even worse than the windows. In the first place there are no thresholds, and there is a gaping space between the floor and the bottom of the door. The room in which I am now writing has an admirable specimen of an English door. I have just measured the yawning crevices around it. Between the floor and the bottom of the door there is a space one-half an inch wide, extending across the entire breadth of the door. Around the other three sides of the door there is a space one-quarter of an inch wide. All the doors in the place (which is not the work of a "jerry builder," but is what the British call "a high class" and expensive structure) are hung in the same fashion. Imagine, then, the number of portieres and thick rugs necessary to exclude the drafts.

The halls of an English house are unheated. Drafts are accordingly increased, for the cold air will always rush from the chilly halls into the apartments of high temperature. Screens, portieres, rugs, heavy window hangings are essential in every room. Of course these things darken an apartment. Thus you can only break the currents of air in a London dwelling by adding to the depressing gloom of the almost sunless London winter.

An American housekeeper setting up an establishment here misses the numerous and capacious closets of the Yankee domicile. Closet making is an unknown art to the Nineteenth century British builder. I know of any number of new and expensive dwellings—both flats and houses—in which there is not a hanging closet. The most you can do is to provide a few cupboards in the "chimney jogs." For clothing you must have wardrobes set up in your rooms, monopolizing space and being as cheerful to gaze upon as sarcophagi. Odds and ends you must stow away as best you can. Cellars, in the American sense, are unheard of. A small dungeon for coals or a penitential cell for wines fulfills the British housekeeper's notion of a cellar. "Set tubs" are usually reserved for the "mansions of the great."

The bathroom is the latest innovation in English houses of the better class, but it is still an innovation. The clumsy tin tub, a yard and a half in width and six inches in depth, continues to be the Briton's favorite instrument for the matutinal ablution. In this unwieldy contrivance, brought into his chamber in the morning, John Bull takes his frigid splash. His aversion to bathrooms is akin to his horror of gas "above the drawing room." J. B. prefers to go to bed by candle light. He has a notion that gas will suffocate him in his sleep. Perhaps he cannot trust himself to shut off the illuminant by turning the "tap."—London Cor. Boston Herald.

Several Common Phrases.

Some of our idiomatic phrases are amusing rather than didactic. Take, for instance, the very common remark made when some one of the company has told a harmless secret—"You have let the cat out of the bag." It is at once a figure of speech and a picture, but a veritable bugbear to a foreigner not versed in the mysteries of our language. The same idea is expressed in another idiom, "You've tipped up the apple cart." A phrase that has an expressive meaning is one which epitomizes whole volumes of advice—"Keep a stiff upper lip."—Detroit Free Press.

His Chances.

"If I had half a chance I'd marry," remarked a handsome millionaire bachelor to a good looking girl.

"But you never will have," she asserted.

"Why not?" he asked, somewhat taken aback.

"Because," and she smiled in a way that fascinated him, "every chance in your case is a whole one."

It was the merest chance she took, but it netted her a million and a man.—Detroit Free Press.

FROM SEED PATCH TO SMOKE.

Cultivating and Curing Tobacco Means a Season of Constant Work.

Few persons know the trouble in raising tobacco and that work never ceases from the time its seed is sown until the smoker or chewer disposes of the leaf. The seed is about the size of that of mustard and is raised in what is known as a plant patch. To prepare this a small piece of wet land in a piece of woods is selected and cleared up and huge piles of wood and brush are placed thereon and burned in the early spring. This is to kill the grass roots and loosen up the soil. The ground is then carefully raked and prepared for the seed, which when sowed is covered with brush to protect the loose, dry soil and light seed from blowing away and from birds, etc. A seed patch of half an acre will plant any ordinary planter's crop for the year.

The ground is next prepared in the field for transplanting the plant, and when the season arrives hills about three feet apart are made, and the planter then awaits a rain to set out his plants. As soon as he finishes the last of his field the little plant has begun to suffer from that pest of tobacco growers, the worm. Then he begins to hoe and plow and "worm" all at the same time, and as fast as he gets through his field at one end he goes back where he started and has to go row by row and turn up each leaf and pick off the worm, which will in a night's time eat the leaves sometimes of the entire plant.

Some of the old planters in Virginia used to raise large flocks of turkeys, which would be taken into the field as soon as half to two-thirds grown and driven through it to eat the worms. After a few days they would as soon as put into a field of tobacco seem to know just what was wanted, and scatter out, taking row for row, and quietly walk under a large plant, look up, and as carefully take the worms off as a trained hand could. This worm usually hangs on the under side of a leaf.

The turkeys, after eating the small worms, kill the large ones, dropping them into the rows, and will do so for an hour or so at a time, both morning and evening. They are taken out of the field when found lagging or tired and kept penned in the shade until the cool of the afternoon, when they are again allowed to walk back through a different portion of the field, thus greatly assisting in one of the most tiresome and tedious parts of raising this valuable crop.

When the tobacco plant is ripe, that fact is settled by pressing the leaves together. If they snap and the leaves split it is ready to cut. A field seldom all ripens at one time and it has to be cut in sections. As fast as a plant ripens the field has to be gone over and the ripe plants cut. From the very moment a plant becomes ripe it begins to lose its weight.

When cut it is carried to a barn and fired a couple of days to cure it. Then it has to be taken down, packed in bulk and stripped of its large stalks, then bundled and handled. The oftener handled—with a little grease used on the hands as leaves are passed through them—the better the color. From this point it is packed in hogsheads and shipped to the commission merchant, who sells to manufacturers, and sweated, handled and moistened until made into cigars, repacked into boxes and sold through retailers. Work has never ceased until the leaf is consumed by the smoker or chewer.—New York Times.

Monstrous Apples.

North Carolina sends to the southern markets, especially those of South Carolina and Georgia, a magnificent red apple almost as large as a good sized cantaloupe. This apple is so large that, it is said, the greediest of small boys could scarce eat a whole one at one meal. It is grown in the mountainous regions of the old colony, where it requires little cultivation. Asheville used to be a famous place for these apples, but the influx of summer visitors has reduced the output. Before the war the backwoods farmers would drive in their queer old canvas covered wagons all the way down to Augusta, Ga., which was then the largest market north of Charleston, with great loads of the big, juicy apples.

These should have commanded a high price, but they were so plentiful in that section that they sold for five cents a quart. Still, as a quart measure would hold only one apple, the backwoodsmen made a good profit, for the fruit had cost them nothing save the labor of picking. —New York Evening Sun.

Doctors but Not Reverend.

Dr. Samuel Eliot often appears in the newspapers with the prefix "Rev." before his other title. A recent mistake of that kind recalls a peculiar incident in which Dr. Eliot, Charles W., the president of Harvard university, was the central figure. It was at a meeting of Boston Methodist preachers, and President Eliot had finished the reading of an essay. The meeting was about to end when the chairman announced, "The exercises will close with the benediction by Dr. Eliot."

The assembled ministers arose, bowed their heads and waited, but no words of benediction were heard. Looking up they saw Dr. Eliot covered with confusion, speaking earnestly with the chairman. The cause of the delay was made clear when the presiding officer said, "Dr. Eliot informs me that he is not a clergyman and I will therefore ask Brother Trafton to pronounce the benediction."—Boston Journal.

A Powerful Sewing Machine.

A sewing machine has been invented which stitches easily and rapidly through layers of leather five-eighths of an inch in thickness, this having been accomplished on a first exhibitory trial. In a second trial stitches were made evenly and rapidly through a piece of birdseye maple three-eighths of an inch thick; and in a third test the still more remarkable feat was achieved, viz., that of sewing through a layer of brass one-eighth of an inch thick placed between two pieces of leather.—New York Sun.

COSTIVENESS

If not relieved by judicious and timely treatment, is liable to result in chronic constipation. As an aperient that may be used with perfect safety and satisfaction, **Ayer's Pills** are unsurpassed. Unlike most cathartics, these pills, while they relax and cleanse, exert a tonic influence on the stomach, liver, and bowels, causing these organs to perform their functions with healthy regularity and comfort. Being purely vegetable and free from mineral drug of any kind, **Cured by** their use is not attended with injurious effects. Good for old and young of every climate, Ayer's Pills are everywhere the favorite. G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main street, Carlisle, Pa., says: "Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. I would not willingly be without them."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Every Dose Effective.

Pure Coal.

Much of our English coal is of a somewhat low quality. Not only does it contain slate and other earthy impurities, but also, unfortunately, pyrites, more than one-half of which consists of sulphur. Our coal fields are being worked out with a velocity which produces anxiety in the minds of all who are interested about the future of the country. We cannot afford to waste even the poorest kind of fuel, and the propriety of restricting exportation has repeatedly been urged with powerful arguments. But in the meantime the burning of impure and dirty coal is a source of tribulation to housekeepers and of injury to manufacturers.

A process of Mr. Luhrig's appears to be an improvement upon various previous attempts, renders it possible for colliery owners to clean, and to some extent purify, without great expense, the coal before it is sent away. The system involves a series of operations, in which are included dry separation, breaking, sizing, washing, recovery of sludge, automatic transportation, etc. It is said that the method is already in successful operation in many places, and from a sanitary, no less than from an economic, point of view every one must hope [illegible] —London Lancet.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 423 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 130 W Taylor st; G B Brocken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 9 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 158 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daldel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; H J Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 170 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M Kindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Mowson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 103 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 34th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 165 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 13—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Regan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 15—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hazen, R S, 659 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Mahley, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M O Connoy, R S, 269 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 68, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devitt, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Souses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pure hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Meminger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilpohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 62 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Pavel, C R, 853 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schuitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 341 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 E Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] Wentworth av; Michael Costrell, Treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill; Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, Treas; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Neeb's hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 595 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kers, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; R P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 567 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 281 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 400 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2049 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hornbeck, F S; Chas Trauschit, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J Molnerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brunetiani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacquen, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tooty, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 259 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 99 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 96 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E. Washington-st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 2—Patrick Cooney, Pres.; Box 63, Hegewisch, Ill.; Louis Murphy, V. P.; E. F. Brennen, Rec. Sec.; A. Harmon, Fin. sec.; Patrick Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 838 S. Leavitt st; Thomas O'Connell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month at 3 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jere. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3236 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; R. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2562 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres. 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Rielly, Rec. Sec., 225 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Luggan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, 8 Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Riggsman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Timothy Burke, Pres., 4716 Bishop st; Patrick Cunningham, V. P.; D. O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; John B. O'Connor, Fin sec.; Simon Neville, Treas.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec, F. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., James Thomas, 2902 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 602 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 360, Pullman; V F, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3612 Lowe av; V. P., T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1026 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 5503 Jefferson av; V. P., M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Doheny, 6359 Honore V P, John Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 57th and Halsted sts; Fin Sec, M H Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 503 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramez, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patten, No. 1 Yeeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 3010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 1323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.

Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.

Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 304 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

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Treasure John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.

County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first-st.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 598 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reardan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 3 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3538 South Halsted st, at 3 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st. at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-Pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p. m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich't J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McCourt; Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Pete Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney; Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Bonaparte st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet 3rd Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 3 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts

Div. 33—Pres, P. H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 43 Pine st.

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FATHER HAGAN'S T. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 631 W. Lake-st. Pres, William J. Lamey, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 228 N. Wood-st. Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Close Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at new hall 39 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month at 8 p. m. President, David L. Barry, 23 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Barney Clyne; 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry; Sec'y, J. Hackett, 39 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cook, President, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A

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ESTATE OF MARGARET BAYNES, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Baynes, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 28, 1892

JULIA M. BAYNES, Administratrix.

James O'Connell, Attorney for Administratrix.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM LUBECKER, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of William Lubecker, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 28, 1892

BARBARA LUBECKER, Administratrix.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administratrix.

ESTATE OF THOMAS FREEMAN, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Thomas Freeman, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of M. y A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 29, 1892.

MARGARET FREEMAN, Administratrix, with will annexed.

James O'Connell, Attorney for Administratrix

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Layer Figs good eating, per lb	7 cts	Genuine Hunyadi Water, per bottle	15 cts
Swift's Cal. Sugar Cured Hams, pr lb	6¾ cts	Pint Bottle Purified Benzine for cleaning	10 cts
Nelson Morris' Breakfast Bacon, lb	8½ cts	Large Bottle Ammonia	10 cts
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cts	Genuine Cocoa Shells, per lb	3 cts
20 bags Table Salt for	25 cts	Best Mixed Nuts (all new), per lb	8 cts
A 20-lb pail Pure Fruit Jelly for	49 cts	A 3-lb can Red Table Cherries for	9 cts
A 15-lb pail Round Herring for	45 cts	A 3-lb can Sweet Wild Blackberries for	16 ct
A 15-lb pail Large Family Mackerel for	69 cts	Best Sweet Chocolate, per cake	3 cts
Imported Edam Cheese, in foil, each	79 cts	Good Roasted Rio Coffee, per lb	16½ cts
California Sweet Oranges, per doz	7 cts	After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cts
5 Crown California Raisins, per lb	5 cts	Good Milled Toilet Soap, per cake	3 cts
Fancy Red Nectarines, per lb	5 cts	Best Corn Starch, per package	5 cts
Fancy Peeled California Peaches, lb	9 cts	Standard Family Soap, per bar	3 cts
Pint bottle Home Made Catsup, pr bot	6 cts	Common Laundry Starch, per lb	2½ cts
Half-Gallon Home-Made Catsup, pr bot	20 cts	A 6-lb Box Best Laundry Starch for	35 cts
Evaporated California Apricots, per lb	8 cts	Italian Macaroni, per lb	7 cts
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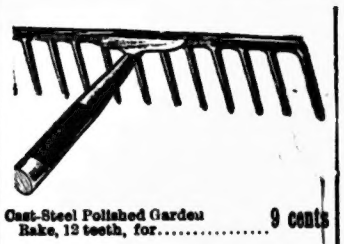

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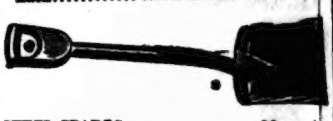

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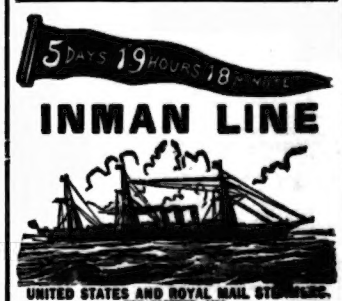

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1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

2. To any lady, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 50 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates, $2 each paid into this office, an exquisite gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine and warranted of first class workmanship.

3. To any gentleman who organizes a club of 25 absolutely new subscribers, at $2 each, paid into this office, a very handsome silver watch, Elgin make, size 18, and warranted first-class in every particular.

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TERMS.

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